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APRIL 10TH, ANNO DOMINI, 1869.

The Seventeenth Voyage of the Clipper.

THE SKIPPER, BEING ON DECK, SEIZES THE OCCASION TO MAKE A LITTLE SPEECH.

ell we remember, sixteen years ago,
not in our locker run exceeding low,
opeful and anxious, being but lightly mann'd,
e took the CLIPPER'S tiller in our hand;
nd how, from twelve months' cruise, with dangers fraught,
e safely brought her back again to port.

ixteen eventful years! We turn the log
nd note those dangers—breakers, quicksands, fog,
alse lights and opposition, winds that veered—
n—on—her course through all we proudly steered,
elivering our freight dry, safe and sound,
nd turned our vessel, once more outward bound.

ixteen short years! much pleasure and some pain!
ear friends, whose smile we ne'er shall see again—
ow gently, winds, and O, ye willows wave
our weeping branches o'er their silent grave!
nd O, ye friends, who, from that anxious day,
ith kindly words have cheered us on our way,
e grasp your hands, so loving, true and tried,
nd dare the world while you are at our side!

en, adverse winds sometimes our course would turn,
d shake our little craft from stem to stern;
ut, nought but prosperous, peaceful, friendly gales
eed our smooth course and fill our swelling sails.
r hold's capacity was then quite small;
ow, it's increased—there's room enough for all.
r state rooms, too, were scant and very few;
w, we have plenty—and there's one for YOU!

know our cargo's of the very best,
u've only to inspect our Manifest;
e lover of such healthy, manly sports
ll find the records of the Tennis courts;
ose who prefer, to them, the Billiard Cue,
ll learn therein what noted players do;
d when the sprightly terrier in the pit
orries the rats—we'll surely speak of it.
n the fierce canine or brave fowls dispute,
hen the marksmen flying pigeons shoot,
hen two disputants at Skittles play,
hen the would-be champions have their say,
fairly tell of all their new exploits,
keep the tally in the games of Quoits;
we've no doubt at all, your royal knibs
get some points from out our "Sporting Squibs."
you, with whom the weary hours lag,
pour the contents of our full "Game Bag;"
ll find with these the "Merry Moments" fly
"gay and happy," you forget to sigh.
ou play Checkers? or, if not, does Chess
scination for your soul possess?
ay, if it should be that, after all,
r greatest weakness is, perhaps, Base Ball,
Cricket, or the Turf, or else the Ring,
atics, Skating, in fact, anything—
to forget, of course, our friends, the Peds,
ll find it all beneath the proper heads.

l in our columns of extended size
ll weekly shoot at Folly as it flies.
neet the wants of this enlightened age
ory will be found on our first page;
you shall thereon, also, often trace
features of some worthy favorite's face.
ards shall weave their sweet and merry lays,
ing, as they have sung, in former days;
'Cupid's Foibles" tell you many a tale
ory of the fair, but false and frail.
hen our Correspondents are in doubt,
p a line, and we will help you out;
"Letter Box" you see your name,
s there for you—we'll send the same,
ill forward stamp and your address,
, or, if you say so, per express.
vertisements, too—really, to read
well filled columns is a treat indeed.

our "Theatrical Record"—mind,
were one of that vainglorious kind
are in our mind's eye, why, we might brag;
o, we won't! Supe! physic! h'ist the rag!
if the gentle reader's mind is bent
arning where the Showmen pitch their tent,
here the Actors or the Minstrels roam,
ow they packed the house from pit to dome—
where the Actresses or Ballet girls
ense their smiles and toss their pretty curls—
akirs playing in distant country towns—
crobats, of Riders, or of Clowns;
e, besides all these, we will suppose
ants to know about the foreign shows—
find our Record thereof full, correct,
ple and sure in each respect,
criticisms always fair and frank;
hen "OUR JIM" shall weekly turn the crank—
ding our news with jests, and will sometimes
d out the funniest of jingling rhymes.

w, dear Reader, ere the ropes we loose,
ps with us YOU'D like to take a cruise;
are is low—the bill of fare we're sure
ains the best that money can procure.
elve months trip!—that's right—shove off!
more our jaunty CLIPPER leaves the wharf!

s the deck hands draw on board the planks,
our gentle patrons—HEALTH AND THANKS!

KING FARO

ND HIS SATELLITES;

Being Leaves from the Diary of

A REFORMED BOWERY BOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL,

OR OF "THE HEBREW GLADIATOR," "LA TOUR DE ISLE," "LIFE SCENES IN OUR GREAT CITIES," ETC.

BOOK FIRST—PART FIRST.

re was a person named Mazzena always to be met
t No. 129 Palais Royal, who each night played only
ingle quarter of an hour, and within that time he
st three or four thousand francs or won twelve or
illions.—*Veron, Vol. 1, p. 284.*
concession were comprehended all the principal
houses of Paris, and the farmer of these estab-
ats paid a gross sum in monthly payments of
00 francs per annum.—*Rev. Edward S. Taylor's
ry of Playing Cards.*

y learned historians have maintained that cards
nvented to amuse the mad King Charles the
rance, but it is proved that they were known
out Spain and Italy at least a century previous
eign of that imbecile monarch. They were un-
ly, like chess and dice, an invention of the east,
roduced in Europe during the days of chivalry.
re is at present a portion of a pack in the British
m that many *seeans* think are of Hindoostane
, and not less than a thousand years old.
original deck of cards was called Tarrants, and
36 in number. Beside the fifty-two now in use,
were the sun, moon, fortune, the Pope, and other
; and such or similar ones were used by the
ee or Gypsey fortune tellers of the sixteenth
y.

(formerly spelt Pharao) in France seems to
een confined to the lower orders until about the
of the reign of the grand monarch, Louis the
hile as early as the year 1729 we read of three
of quality being fined heavily in London for play-
that game, which was then under the ban of
law.

Lansquenet, introduced from Germany, and L'Hombre from Spain, were the favorite games of the French court in the sixteenth century.

Henry II, of France (1547), according to Brantome, was an inveterate gamester. Under the smiles of a monarch who courted the goddess, fortune, large sums were risked and fortunes sometimes shattered in a single hour. At that period one La Roue offered to wager 20,000 crowns—equal to $100,000 at the present time, against one of Andrea Dovia's galleys. Well does the author exclaim:—"Only to think of it, an East Indiaman wagered on the turn of a card."

It is related of the Duke of Guise that he won at a sitting 100,000 livres, which was sent to him on the following morning in two bags—70,000 in silver and 10,000 crowns in gold. Being liberally disposed, he gave the messenger who brought him his welcome gains the smaller bag of the two as a present, supposing it contained only silver. The man returned it, believing the Duke had made a mistake; but the donor, with princely liberality, said he would not balk his good fortune, and suffered him to keep the magnificent present.

Henry the IV was an inveterate gamester, and Biron and Bassompiere, two of his favorite courtiers, never failed to court the goddess fortune. It is related of the former that he lost 5,000,000 francs in the course of a year. Richelieu seldom played at cards, though it was the most fashionable amusement at the court where he presided as prime minister. He always had other work to do, for France was rife with conspiracies that only his master mind could check, and he could not find time to shuffle, cut and deal pasteboard, when the fate of the empire was at stake.

Under the reign of Louis the XIV and XV cards were considered an institution of state, and enormous sums were lost at Basset and Faro. Most of the ladies of quality indulged in the fascinating game, and among others the handsome Countess Dubarry, who was known by every one as the mistress of the King. She had many charms of person, but, being the daughter of a cook, her education had been sadly neglected, and her language often elicited an audible titter even in the fascinated monarch's presence. One day she lost two thousand crowns on the turn of a card at faro, and ejaculated:—"Ah me, I am well roasted now." "You cannot be wrong," said the dealer, "for you are an authority as to that."

There is a story told of a midshipman at Moscow, by the name of Krackoff, who won from the French Ambassador, who was also an adept, a vast sum. The game seemed entirely in the ambassador's own hands, but Krackoff *buzzed* him by *swallowing* a card among some sweetmeats. The Czar heard of it, and not wishing that such a freak should reach the Court of France, told him to keep his gains and his own counsel, but never to play a game of cards again, or it would send him to Siberia.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century the Russian nobility were proverbial for playing for enormous stakes. There is an incident that smacks of romance, for it is not well authenticated, said to have taken place some years ago at St. Petersburgh. An English milord and a scion of the house of Romanoff, each possessors of vast wealth, engaged in a game of cards that lasted from an early hour in the evening till the hand on the dial of the clock pointed towards noon on the following day. It seemed that the English milord was the especial favorite of fortune, for estate after estate of the count's large possessions became the prey of his antagonist. Through the long hours of the night the game had not fluctuated in his favor. Maddened at his losses, he suddenly exclaimed:—

"This palace with all its appurtenances against fifty thousand pounds."

"Good," responded the Englishman, and the next instant it had followed in the general wreck, and the count rose from the table a beggar. He drew back the silken curtains and gazed out on the street, now alive with the noise and bustle of noon day. Joy! He had still another stake left. His carriage and horses were standing before the door, and the patient coachman on the box had been as faithful to his trust through the cold dark hours, as the sentinel, discovered on his post at Pompeii.

He proposed the wager, and the Englishman accepted only to still further add to his gains. He was rising from the table with a courteous bow, when the count remarked:—"*Stay, you have not won the harness yet.*"

It was of excellent workmanship, mounted with silver, and represented a respectable sum. The Englishman smiled, dealt the cards, and for the first time the Russian won. He won again and again. The Englishman played with his utmost skill, but it was all in vain. It seemed as if the god Plutus presided over the count's cards, and was pouring back his fortunes to him in a river of gold.

In one hour he recovered all he had lost in the frightful contest, and swore never to gamble again. To the latest hour of his life the harness was preserved in a glass case in his library as a sacred memento, to remind him of that fearful night of peril.

In 1716 John Law, christened by historians as the King of the Gamblers, opened his Faro bank, in Paris, under the patronage of one Duclos, a famous female tragedian of the day. He was a Scotchman by birth, and was not only shrewd, but handsome, and of the most fascinating manners. He very soon attracted to his magnificent rooms the noble born and wealthy of the land. His game was *unlimited*, and his luck bordered on the miraculous. He was not content to play with the currency of the country, and he used checks of the value of eighteen louis each, to be struck in solid gold, to pay his losses when he had any. The Duchess of Berry lost the enormous sum of one million seven hundred thousand livres in a single night, and the bank gained sixty-seven thousand pounds sterling in a fortnight's play. The times were out of joint when the fairest of the weaker sex indulged in a pastime that shattered their fortunes with a recklessness that rivaled insanity. The vices of the court spread like a plague spot among the lower orders, and there was as much earnestness with the *sans cullotes* of San Antoine to stake their ten sou pieces, as among the sporting nobility at the Palais Royal, who sometimes risked a million on the turn of a card.

France was ripening for a revolution, for the mania had infected all classes, and the people of the rural districts, oppressed by the frightful taxes of the Farmer General, were staring and glaring like angry wolves on the prodigality of the house of Capet. Louis the XV saw the angry cloud rising, but only remarked that it would not burst in his time. His Farmer General, when told that the people were perishing by thousands with hunger, remarked in a jovial manner:—"Why don't they eat grass, then?"

When the bastile shook to its foundations, shattered by arms nerved by ages of perpetual wrong, the caustic joke was remembered. The perpetrator was dragged from his hiding place, his head cut off, and the mouth, stuffed with hay, was stuck on a gory pike and borne in front of a band of sans cullotes, who felt that their hour of triumph had come.

The Deer Park, the most abominable institution that ever existed in a civilized country, flourished under the immediate supervision of the infamous Madam Dubarry, and the reputation of a first-class gamester was a sufficient guarantee for admission into the highest circles of society during the reign of Louis XV.

The royal debauchee, through his pimps and panderers, had at one time three hundred of the most beautiful girls collected from every part of France in his harem. Fifteen was his favorite age, and none were admitted who had passed their seventeenth summer. The hoary sinner, wrinkled with age, made each of his juvenile victims kneel down and say their prayers the first night they were obliged to minister to his unholy lust. In a month, sometimes in a week, they were thrown aside to make room for new favorites, and thus the stews and brothels of Paris were furnished from the famous Deer Park.

Yes, France was, indeed, ripe for a revolution during the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. The crown was the most unfortunate legacy he could have left to his unhappy son. Louis the XVI was no gambler, and was also a good and faithful husband, but the sins of the fathers had descended to the children, and in the beginning of his reign there were thirty-one gaming establishments in the Palais Royal, and throughout the city not less than four thousand. A supper of some kind was given to all visitors. Magnificent wines and the most palatable edibles graced the tables of the wealthy bankers, and every piece of furniture was a *chef d'ouvre* of art. The waiters were the very Chesterfields of their profession, and pressed the guests to partake of carp transported alive from the lakes of Switzerland, peas grown in January, and hot house pine apples at a louis a piece. Such affluence paid, for many of the games outside of Faro were twenty and even thirty per cent in favor of the bankers.

The smaller houses followed suit, and treated their patrons according to the scale of their profits, and there were places where men, blear eyed and in ragged blouses, could stake as low as five sous on a card, the banquet consisting of black beans, fried in lard, and a slice of stale brown bread. During the Reign of Terror the gaming houses flourished even more bravely than they had under the ancient *regime*. When the paper money depreciated in value, the bankers would only take in and pay out silver and gold. Assignats, representing a hundred thousand crowns, would not

MISS FANNY STOCKTON, Comedienne. For Biographical Sketch see elsewhere.

pass current for as many livres against the bank set up at the Palais Royal room, number 13.

When the death carts rumbled through the streets, and Madam Guillotine was kissing from fifty to a hundred heads a day of the fairest and noblest in the land, the monotonous cry of the croupiers at number 13 never ceased:—"Make your game, brave citizens, make your game."

Men lived fast because they died fast, and any excitement to forget the present hour was the rule throughout the capital of France.

The managers of the theatres produced plays, and the maddened public endorsed them with overflowing houses, compared to which the "Black Crooks" and "Forty Thieves" of the present day are as childhood's rosy dreams of innocence.

In the "Judgment of Paris," the heroine, with the exception of a wreath of vine leaves, appeared behind the foot lights throughout an entire scene *stark naked.* A strange, wild legend has floated down the labyrinth of history concerning that lascivious play, enacted at that more than terrible hour. It is entitled

THE MAD ARTIST;

OR,

The Reverse of Saidoreh.

Lorenzo Vicenci, a young Italian, about twenty-two years of age, but possessed of more than ordinary talent as a painter, left his native land to visit Paris during the most sombre days of the revolution. His principles were those of an ardent Republican, and the motto of Union, Liberty and Fraternity sat near to his heart. He was poor in purse, and what artist of merit has not been, on their first setting out on the high road to fame? He had been deputed by a wealthy Italian to paint a head of John the Baptist for his gallery, and he resolved, while studying the beauties of Republicanism, to devote a leisure hour occasionally to that work of art. Lorenzo Vicenci found that the gay French capital did not realize his sanguine expectations. Republicanism in theory and Republicanism in practice were as far apart as the antipodes.

The wails that echoed from the death carts rolling toward the guillotine appalled his sensitive nature with horror. The head of one old man, with a venerable white beard, and a calm and benevolent face that betrayed no sign of fear, as he rode in his ghastly funeral train, was the artist's model for the work he had in view. But from that hour there was a strange fascination that attracted him to such dreadful scenes, and he would throw aside his palate and brush, whenever he heard the death cart rumble by, to gaze on the thrilling scene.

A fever seemed to scorch his brain, but the painting advanced in outline and fullness, and wore a glow of real life that a Titian or a Raphael would have envied if they had been its author, instead of the humble artist, Lorenzo Vicenci.

One day there was more than the usual commotion in the streets, for the populace had become accustomed to the carnival of blood, and growing indifferent as to the general victims of the guillotine, Vicenci threw aside his brush and pallet to witness a strange and awful sight. A woman of almost superhuman beauty, though her face was of a ghastly paleness, was clutching with the frenzy of a maniac at the tresses of her golden hair, and shrieking from the tumbril:—"Good people, save me, save me, for I love you all." An appeal for mercy that was answered with shouts and ribald jests by the frantic harpies of her own sex, and the murk and mire begrimed *sans cullotes* of the other.

The victim was the famous Madam Dubarry, mistress of Louis the XV.

The miserable woman suffered a hundred deaths in her fearful ride to the guillotine. Vicenci rushed to a neighboring wine shop, and strove to obliterate the dreadful spectacle from his memory with copious libations of brandy. He felt that he should go mad if he continued in Paris, and resolved to start for Italy on the morrow. So carefully had he husbanded his resources that he was still master of fifty louis. But where to while away the time till then? A thought struck him. He had never been to the theatre. He resolved to go, and strive, at least, to shut out the fearful memories of the day.

He staggered from the wine shop like a drunken man, but his bearing was proof that he was not an aristocrat. The *sans cullotes* all worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus.

Up one street and down another he wended his way until the walk and the night air had somewhat cooled his fevered brain. At length he found himself in front of a large and handsome edifice that he never had noticed before. It was a theatre. Carriages lined the way, and the people were entering by crowds, for the play was the most attractive of the time—"The Judgment of Paris." Vicenci was fortunate. There was still one seat vacant among the orchestra chairs, and he obtained it, sanguine that he would have a perfect view of the stage.

It was a quarter of an hour before the curtain rose, and Vicenci gazed about him on a scene that seemed to rival the fabulous beauties of fairy land.

From pit to dome the theatre was thronged with an array of beauty and fashion. Diamonds sparkled here, there and everywhere. The costliest silks and laces rustled throughout the crowded tiers. The drop curtain was a magnificent specimen of art. It was from Jewish history, and represented Ahasuerus offering Queen Esther any gift, even to the half of his kingdom.

For a moment Vicenci buried his face in his hands, and said inwardly, "Can this be Republican Paris? No, the vision is not real and I am going mad."

The play commenced, and Vicenci never turned his eyes from the stage. The scene where Paris awards the golden apple to the fair, but inconstant Helen, was depicted, as we have related, in a previous page of this narrative.

Vicenci breathed hard, and the blood mounted to his temples like a fiery torrent. Then followed the blare of drums and a blast of trumpets that brought from the side entrances a score of marvelously beautiful girls to revel in the bewitching dance. The queen of the throng was by far the most handsome being that Vicenci had ever seen in mortal mould. Her graceful poses elicited showers of applause, and when she advanced to the foot lights on the points of her tiny feet, and threw a lofty pirouette that revealed her countless charms to her taper waist, and buried her lovely face in a fleecy cloud of gossamer folds, Vicenci ejaculated through his set teeth, "My God!"

"You must not call on strangers, citizen," said a man sitting by his side.

Vicenci turned to observe the person who made the remark. He was attired in dark velvet, and apparently about fifty years of age, with nothing peculiar about him except a sardonic smile, that seemed to flicker away as the young artist observed him more closely.

"Pardon, Monsieur," he remarked, "'twas a slip of the tongue."

"Say citizen, please, unless you want your head chopped off, and mine, too, thanks to the grand Republic for which I am not ambitious to become a martyr."

Vicenci had again riveted his eyes on the beautiful *danseuse*, who once more performed the evolution that seemed to thrill him with a convulsive spasm.

"I would give anything to possess her love," he again muttered, unconsciously.

"That is a broad margin, young man," said his companion, who seemed contemplating Vicenci more than the play. "I acknowledge that Saidoreh is ravishingly beautiful, but they say she is not unkind to those who have gold."

"How much?" gasped Vicenci.

Five hundred—a thousand louis—it may be two thousand, according to the man; but I am not acquainted with her scale of prices, and although I like her dearly I have never been her lover. She is fickle, however; for once on a time, as old legends say, I knew her to refuse everything for a human head.

Vicenci shuddered, and the forty-nine louis he had in his pocket seemed like a beggar's alms. But she might be a connoisseur and lover of paintings, and would admire his splendid genius when she saw his John the Baptist.

"Can you inform me where she resides, citizen?" he asked in anxious tones.

"Certainly. The Rue de Gentile, number 27."

"And that runs——"

"Out to the gibbet of Mt. Faucon."

"A strange neighborhood," said Vicenci.

"Aye," responded the other, "but it is her fancy, because the place is quiet, and she needs repose after her efforts at the theatre. Strange things occur in this world every day, young man. Now, for instance, I dreamed that the Queen won twenty times in succession last night at room number 13, of the Palais Royal."

"Did you try the experiment?" said Vicenci, anxiously.

"Oh, no. I have outgrown superstition. Ah! the curtain is ringing down; good night, citizen."

Without a fixed purpose of how he was to obtain his object, Vicenci elbowed his way through the crowd, and started on a run for the Palais Royal. If the stranger's dream proved true, he would possess Saidoreh.

When he reached number 13, he found the room thronged and the game in full blast. He waited for the commencement of the deal; and, with a faith that might have removed mountains in a righteous cause, staked his forty nine louis on the queen. He let the whole amount lay, and it won through the deal. When the banker shuffled the cards, and placed them in the box afresh, he placed all of his stakes on the same card. The banker smiled. He knew that the chances were thirty-three to one in his favor. Napoleon had ninety chances to one in his favor to win Waterloo, and lost. The queen won eight times, and Vicenci possessed a fortune of over a hundred thousand louis. He needed no more, but filling every part of his garments with gold, and taking the banker's I. O. U. for the remainder, rushed from the house. A coach was standing at the door, into which he got and ordered the driver to set him down at number 27, Rue de Gentile, at the same time slipping into his hand a dozen pieces of his marvelous gains.

The driver was astonished both at his patron's liberal fare and his destination. He tested the gold by taste and weight, and remarked, "I trust, worthy citizen, you have not mistaken the street. The Rue de Gentile was depopulated a year ago with a disease that the doctors said was the plague. The houses since have been tenantless, or only peopled by the scavengers of Paris."

"Drive on," said Vicenci. 'It is the place I desire to go, even if it should lead to——"

The driver did not catch the last syllable, for he had given his horses the lash, and they were rolling through the silent streets at a thundering pace.

In half an hour they reached the street, and the driver curbed his steeds to a walk in order to find the number wanted, by the dim light of his coach lamp. At length they found the desired place, and Vicenci leaped out and told the driver he need not wait.

He knocked at the door, and what was his astonishment to see it opened by his companion at the theatre, the man in the dark velvet suit.

"You here?" said the artist, with a frown, for the circumstances made the strange individual seem like a rival.

"Yes, as I told you before, I am a very particular friend of the citizeness, Saidoreh, and I sometimes escort her home from the theatre. I have explained everything, and she awaits your coming in you chamber. She wishes to test your merit as an artist."

"And I have also ten times the sum you mentioned in gold."

"Good; in such a case you will find the handsome Saidoreh as bewitching as Calypso, and as pliant as Venus."

Vicenci advanced to the door, and gave a gentle tap, when a voice, sweet as the tones of a lover's lute, bade him enter. Saidoreh still wore the dress of the *danseuse*, and her charms seemed ten times more brilliant to his bewitched eyes than when he saw her behind the footlights.

"Welcome, citizen artist," she exclaimed, tendering her hand, the long taper fingers of which, just touching his own, made the blood rush through his veins like a stream of molten lava. "*He* has told me about you. *He* said you would be here to-night."

It struck Vicenci as being singular how *He*, whatever might be his name, had been able to give such information, but his brain was in a whirl, and as long as the end was gained that had led him to number 27 Rue de Gentile, he laughed at fear or danger.

The apartment was furnished in queenly style. The windows were festooned with Brussels lace, and the carpet might press the foot of a princess, and add no further blush to its lillies and roses. There was a mirror that reached from floor to ceiling, and one of the most exquisite toned pianos of the period. And yet it was merely the bed chamber of the charming Saidoreh, for it contained a couch, set on pillars of silver, tipped with ivory, garnished with silken hangings to rustle the loves of Cupid as balmyly zephyrs sweep over the Spice Islands of the east.

Every Italian is a musician by nature, and Vicenci played cleverly. He seated himself at the instrument, and began one of those favorite waltzes of youth that set the blood in a glow. Saidoreh immediately took her cue, and commenced to whirl and undulate about the room. His back was turned toward her, but he saw every movement of her lithe and slender form reflected in the massive mirror. Suddenly, as she swooped by, she bent over, and her rosy lips pressed his with an enchanting kiss. If she had been a fiend sent out of hell to ensnare him he could not have withstood the agony of suspense longer. He rose from the piano, clasped her agile form in his embrace, he still lumming the air, and they whirled round in the bewildering waltz together.

"Oh, I am your's, dear Vicenci," she murmured as her head fondly rested upon his shoulder, and he could feel the beating of her heart against his own, "but you must grant me one boon."

"Anything that is in my power, soul of my soul. Name it, darling."

"The beautiful picture you have recently painted. The head of John the Baptist."

"How knew you that I had performed such a work?" he said, her mysterious knowledge for a moment clouding his dream of bliss.

"Then you refuse? I knew you only pretended to love me. A man who truly loves refuses nothing."

"Nor do I. It is yours, for I love you to madness, and I am for ever yours, though such a promise sink me to unfathomed shades."

Round and round the room the dancers whirled until they seemed to tread on air—her golden tresses floating like a summer cloud driven before the gale, and her balmy breath fanning his flushed cheek till, clasped in an embrace that death alone might sever, they sank upon the expectant couch.

When the first grey streak of morning lit the eastern sky, Vicenci awoke. For a moment he lay with eyes half closed, and murmured the name of Saidoreh. There was no response, and then broad awake he gazed with a thrill of horror about the place. A dreadful transformation had taken place during the eventful night. Saidoreh had vanished and left nothing behind, save smoke begrimed walls, rotten with mildew here and there, and smelling like the damps of a church yard vault. *The gorgeous* tapestry had turned into spider's webs, the Sybarite couch to tangled and mouldy straw.

With a shriek of horror he bounded to the floor, and scarcely taking time to adjust his garments, rushed into the street, which was the Rue de Gentile, and the house he had passed the night in bore the fatal number, 27.

Excited, to a fearful degree, he began to run, and soon left the fatal place far behind, but passers by soon began to note his wild gestures, and a crowd followed him. At length some one suggested he must be a spy of Pitt and Coburg.

"To the lamp post with him," cried another.

"He is doomed to wed Madam Guillotine," said a third, and it might have fared hard with Vicenci had not an old man appeared upon the scene whom every one seemed to know and respect as the Doctor of the Bastile. His power was second only to Robespiere's. He had been a prisoner in the gloomy fortress, after which he was named, for five and twenty years.

"Poor young man," said the Doctor, touching his forehead, and nodding significantly to the crowd, "he has, no doubt, lost his friends by Madam Guillotine, and now he is a crazed and homeless wanderer."

The crowd, at the Doctor's words, grew sympathetic on the instant, and one brawney *sans culiote* (he who had suggested the lamp post) while a tear rolled down his cheek, said:—"I vote we take him up a collection."

"No, I am not mad," said Vicenci, proudly, "and I scorn your charity. I have gold enough about me to purchase you all, body and soul."

"Give us the proof, citizen," said one of the sympathisers.

"Ay, here it is," and he drew his hand from his pocket, filled with pebbles and bits of broken glass. Vicenci was appalled at the transformation, and the crowd laughed.

"Where do you reside, young man?" said the charitable Doctor.

"I scarcely know," said Vicenci, driven to the very verge of insanity. "I will tell you all. Last night I went to the theatre to see the 'Judgement of Paris.' The handsome Saidoreh performed the part of the principal *danseuse*, and I fell madly in love with her."

"Not an uncommon occurrence," chimed in the Doctor, with a benevolent smile.

"Yes, but there is no *danseuse* by that name performing in Paris," said a young man who had been listening attentively. "I am employed at the Cirque Olympique, and know all the first class artistes, such as Rosa Albert, Catalini, Vestris and Meyofanti; yes even down to the humblest coryphee, and there is no one by that name. Where was the theatre situated, young man?"

Vicenci considered a moment, and then clearly depicted to his hearers the surroundings of the spot.

"Thunder! You have hit on a strange situation for a play house. That is the exact locality of the cemetery of Pierre la Chaise.

Vicenci was driven nearly to frenzy. Turn whichever way he would, the supernatural loomed up before him. He was as anxious now to rehearse the part he had played as his hearers were to listen. There was a horrible idea pressing on his brain. If he was not mad his soul was lost forever.

"Listen, friends," he continued. "I went last night where I have said, and saw the 'Judgement of Paris,' in which the *danseuse* I have named played such a conspicuous part. I left the theatre madly in love with her, and repaired to the Palais Royal, number 13, where I won a hundred thousand louis, through a chain of the most fortunate or unfortunate circumstances, I know not which."

"You are mistaken," said another of his hearers. "There was no game at number 13 of the Palais Royal last night."

"Why not, citizen?"

"Because Danton lost his head yesterday, and he was the principal patron of the place. The bankers closed the game for the first time, out of a feeling of respect to him. Robespiere took it off. A great man is citizen Robespiere."

"Doctor Bastile will you accompany me to my lodgings?" said Vicenci sadly. "I have something to inform you of in private."

"Certainly, certainly," said the Doctor, taking Vicenci's arm, and motioning back the crowd, who dispersed, confident that the demented young man was in good hands. On the way Vicenci explained about his picture, and the manner he had disposed of it.

"Aye, aye," said the Doctor, "we shall soon see." Vicenci found the room as he had left it on the previous day. The painting was still on the easel, to which a few hours before he had given the final touch. He approached it, and saw with undeniable horror that the gory neck was encircled with a band of blood that had dripped to the floor, and that it bore a label written by no human hand:—"*The property of Herodias.*"

His brain reeled, and he fell to the floor in a fit.

One of the neighboring lodgers, hearing the noise, inquired the cause.

"Be kind enough to call a coach," said the benevolent Doctor Bastile," and I will see citizen Vicenci safe to the hospital. Poor young man, all things with him are reversed."

A week later the once promising artist Lorenzo Vicenci died at St. Lazar raving mad.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"CONSTANCY."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Grief and sorrow may come, darling,
May come to you and me;
We cannot tell how deep or soon,
As the years so swiftly flee;
As the years go rolling on, love,
Trouble our heads may bow,
But be it near, or be it far,
I will love you then as now.

So place your hand in mine, darling,
Your lips to mine again—
Our hearts will be so full of love,
There'll be little room for pain;
There'll be little room for pain, love,
And I care not when or how
The dark day comes—be it near or far,
I will love you then as now.

PECULIARITIES OF NOTED PEOPLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Frederick, the Great, was an infidel and extremely mean in his private business transactions. . . . .Napoleon I. was extremely slovenly at times in his dress and appearance. He had a habit of folding his arms, a practice he forbade, not only amongst his immediate staff, but also amongst his marshalls. . . . .Napoleon III has a habit of writing on a paper whatever he desires to remember. He boasts that anything so indited remains indelibly impressed on his mind. . . . .Eugenie's upper lip is inclined to masculinate. Whenever she is angry her knowledge of *parley vous* forsakes her and she employs a number of Spanish phrases to express her feelings. . . . .Victoria is an affectionate mother and a model matron, but is said to possess an unqueenly fondness for shrimps and perriwinkles. . . .Molliere, the king of French light comedy, was ruled by a pretty child scarce half way up to her teens. . . .Racine, who composed the substance of his tragedies while walking, used to gesticulate like a madman. Crowds would surround him, and at one time he had a narrow escape from a straight waistcoat at the hands of a band of workmen in the garden of the Tuilleries. . . .Rabbelais wrote some of his sprightliest works while in the immediate company of the Great heads of the Church of Rome. . .Byron, who in the daytime was extremely practical and an excellent business man, gave way to a sombre feeling at nightfall. His finest fancies were written, as a general thing, about midnight. . . .Bacon always prayed to heaven for light before commencing his tasks. . . . .The great theologian, Luther, whose spirit was as rough as a twisted root, was tenderly fond of music, flowers, and children; it seems an anomaly, but it is true, that the enemy of papacy would sit for hours soothing his rough spirit with a guitar, upon which instrument he was an excellent performer. . . . .Mozart was exceedingly negligent and neglectful; the overture to Don Giovanni, a brilliant and splendidly expressive work, was rattled off, at a venture, a fabulously short time before the production of the work. . . . . Handel, the immortal composer of the Messiah, though a thoroughly kind hearted man, was exceedingly quick tempered. On one occasion indeed, he so far forgot himself as to make an insolent and churlish reply to George II of England. Only his eminence as an artist, and the sovereign's good nature, saved him from a visitation of the royal displeasure, which would at that time have operated against him in a very disagreeable manner. . . . . Tartini was an excellent swordsman. . . . . Paganini was deceitful and parsimonious. . . . . Messrs. Q[illegible] and Garrick, of tragic renown, were great wits and gossips. . . . . Joe Grimaldi was of a lachrymose, melancholy disposition, and was easily worked to tears. . . . . George Washington, while lacking even a moderate amount of sensuality, possessed an innocent and purely platonic affection for pretty women. . . . . Chas. Dickens is lively, sociable, extravagantly fond of chess, dogs, birds and crusty old port, which latter often gives the venerable "Charles" a twinge in his foot. . . . . Messrs. Tennyson, Disraeli and Lord Lytton are opium eaters. The latter will sit at his desk sometimes, from sundown to late in the morning, working under its influence. . . . . Chas. Reade is rather eccentric; frequently appearing in company, he will sometimes sit an entire evening without scarcely opening his lips. Again he is over talkative, and makes it impossible for another to get a word in edgeways. . . . . Carlyle, the historian, is very odd in appearance, and remarkably unsociable. He is fond of children, and spends quantities of money purchasing candies, toys and fruit, which he distributes in his walks, without regard to station or appearance. The skeleton in his closet is a hand organ, and he would travel miles to avoid one.

HAD IT BAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In some portions of the country there seems to be great trouble among the preachers in relation to each other's opinions, and as they can't resort to their fists to settle their little differences, they take to their pens, and spill much ink. This is particularly the case in Cincinnati, where an attempt to organize a "Ministerial Association" has set all the Reverends by the ears. Two of them have been using solid columns of abuse towards each other. A third accuses his brethren of "Socinianism." This word revives within us recollections.

In a certain quiet village of this State, the pastor of the church had two members who were always on hand, and always attentive, and whom, therefore, he had come to always look for when he commenced preaching. These two were a simple old farmer and his wife, and they were good and pious as they were simple, and never failed to be promptly in their seats. One day, however, much to the minister's surprise, the old farmer came alone to church. The occurrence caused the pastor considerable mental speculation, and also surprise, and it even seemed to trouble him in his preaching.

The next sabbath the old man again came alone. Another week passed, and the same phenomenon was the result. The minister became alarmed, and when the church was out, he approached the farmer, and inquired the reason of his wife's absence.

"Well," was the reply. "Just now she's a little troubled with a—I forget it's name, but it's some sort of an ism."

"Indeed," said the pastor. "Is it Pantheism?"

The farmer shook his head.

"Deism?"

"Worse than that," was the solemn reply.

"Then it must be Socinianism."

"Worse than that," said the farmer again.

"Why, good heavens! You don't mean to say it is Atheism?" cried the horrified preacher.

"Worse than that," persevered the old man.

"But, my dear sir," said the holy man, 'it cannot be worse than Atheism. Nothing is worse than Atheism."

"Yes, it is," insisted the farmer. "It's worse nor any of them isms. Let me see, mebbe I can think of it. Oh, yes! It is *rheumatism!*"

AN ELECTION TRICK.—Elections are very demoralizing. During a hotly contested election at Shrewsbury, in the reign of George the First, an old, half-pay officer, who was a non-resident burgess, was brought down from London at the expense of Mr. Kynaston, one of the candidates, and hospitably entertained for a week by that gentleman's political supporters. On the following day he recorded his vote for the opposition candidate. When asked why he had accepted the hospitalities of the one side and voted for the other, he jauntily replied that, following the advice of his old general, the Duke of Marlborough, he had "quartered himself on the enemy."

GETTING AHEAD.—A clergyman in the County of Durham told us the following anecdote. He had taught an old man in his parish to read, and had found him an apt pupil. After the lessons had finished, he had not been able to call at the cottage for some time, and when he did he only found the wife at home. "How's John?" said our friend. "He's canny, sir," said his wife. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Nicely, sir." "Ah, I suppose he'll read his Bible very comfortably, now." "Bible, sir! bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the newspapers long ago."

THROWING THE LASSO.—The Texas herdsmen become so expert in the use of the lasso through the city of Houston, as though on a steeple chase, picking up with one throw of their rope anything they may happen to want on the sides of the streets. They very seldom miss their aim. They will take up a loaf of bread from the pavement or a hat from the head of a man walking in front of them with the greatest ease while riding at the highest speed.

A JOKER was taken ill with some [illegible] tion, which was at first thought to be [illegible] afterwards decided to be variolid. "[illegible] remarked, "If that was the *very* alloy [illegible] prefer the un-alloyed." He recovered [illegible] ness in three days, and from the [illegible] striking instances of the tenacity [illegible]

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.	
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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 23 Spruce street, New York.
Box 7,850 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

To Correspondents.

EDEX.—1. We cannot inform you why Mr. John S. Clarke played Bob Brierly for one night only, excepting that when he did (Nov. 12th, 1864) it was Saturday night, and he had no more nights that week to do it in. Mr. Clarke was playing a lengthy engagement there at the time. He played one hundred and one nights, closing on Nov. 24th. 2. The "Ticket-of-Leave Man" was produced in this country for the first time at the Winter Garden Theatre, this city, November 30th, 1863, by W. J. Florence. 3. The receipts of the theatres as published by us were correct; that is if the Assessor's books are reliable, as we copied them from the books. The difference in the receipts as given by us and several of our contemporaries was a typographical error on their part, as the returns in the several papers did not appear until after the CLIPPER was published.

LONDON ERA.—"Quotation is a compliment of which any author may be proud," but as "our Jim" was wont to remark, "people which lives in glass houses shouldn't chuck stones onto other people's heads." The whole of the list of American Theatres and managers—furnished by the NEW YORK CLIPPER—will be found in the *Era Almanack* for 1869, without the slightest acknowledgement of the source from which it was derived, and similar instances of appropriation might be cited in the *Era*'s American letter (?) on amusements, portions of which are taken, sentence for sentence, from the CLIPPER. "The information we furnish at considerable expense is quite at the service of our contemporaries, but it is only fair to say whence it was obtained." Keno!

S. T. H., Washington.—Stars of that magnitude do not receive any fixed sum for their night's performances, but a portion of the gross receipts. Generally they share the receipts with the manager, after deducting $200 for expenses, so if there should be $1,000 in the house the star would receive $400. In many of his engagements Mr. Booth gets sixty per cent of the gross receipts, which would give him $600 out of a $1,000 house.

A. J. L.—We cannot inform you whether there was any truth in the rumored death of Kate Vance. The maid who traveled with her reported her to have died of black vomit in a house in New Orleans, but we have seen parties who have inquired at the house where she is said to have died, and the occupants deny it. We have also seen parties who think they have since seen her in New Orleans.

PITCH, Kansas City, Mo.—1. If B only wanted one point to go out, his jack, being high, puts him out before A's low. If B wanted two points, then A's low carries him out first. Your question is very vaguely expressed. 2. No such statement ever appeared in the CLIPPER to the effect you mention.

QUEEN CITY.—1. They are aged respectively 21, 20 and 19 years. 2. She has been in California nearly two years. 3. As near as we can inform you, we should say it was about six miles from the ferry to Hell Gate. 4. The distance from this city to Bristol is about one hundred miles.

H. E. M., Fall River.—1. You might obtain such a position by booking yourself with one of the dramatic agents in this city. 2. Lola was born in Limerick. Her parents were English on the paternal, and Spanish on the maternal side. Came to America in 1852. She was 43 years old at the time of her demise.

SUBSCRIBER, Jackson, Mich.—1. The population of Chicago is estimated at 250,000; of St. Louis 183,000; consequently A loses. 2. The first nine of the Athletic base ball club, of Philadelphia, this season, is not officially announced as yet. See base ball column.

A READER, London.—E. L. Davenport has often played at Drury Lane Theatre, London, alone, as a star, and in connexion with G. V. Brooke, where they alternated Shakespearian characters. Mr. Davenport's new play of "St. Marc" was originally produced there.

VIRGIL, North Canaan.—1. With a traveling circus company, such performers obtain about $30 a week and their expenses. 2. Such a performance would do [illegible] hall, but not a theatre. 3. They are [illegible] weekly. 4. While traveling, their board is paid by the manager.

C. K., Chicago.—Get "Dinks's Manual of Hutchinson on the Dog," for it is the best. There is no work that treats specially of black and tans. The work is published by Townsend & Co., New York, and can be obtained through any bookseller.

WORLD SALOON, Schenectady, N.Y.—Daguerreotyping was invented by M. Daguerre, of Paris, in 1[illegible] was awarded a life pension of 6,000 francs by the French government. The first daguerreotype taken in this country was by Dr. Draper, at the N.Y. University.

D. W., Rochester, N. Y.—The room fight between Johnny Dwyer and [illegible]ley took place in Brooklyn on Jan. 4, 1869; [illegible] fought about an hour and ten minutes in all, and it is generally believed that Dwyer would have won had the friends of Riley allowed it to be fought out.

SNIPS, Mt. Auburn.—1. The agreement admits of different construction, but our opinion is that the employee is to board the other party in addition to paying him $450 per year. 2. No. The dealer must have the last shuffle, before the cut is made.

E. S., Providence, R. I.—You are clearly entitled to the fourth deal, and the main. The fact of your judge ordering you to pick up your fowl, and the other judge refusing to give a decision either way, decided the fight in your favor.

U. S. BOYS.—1. We cannot *give* you the exact number. 2. He was eleven years of age at the time of his *debut*. 3. Of Wemyss, No. 3 *Astor* Place, this city. 4. We do not know the individual.

MAGNERO, St. Louis.—1. Mary Provost went to England some months since. 2. She is the same lady that used to play star engagements through the west. 3. "Our Jim" begs to be excused from "losing his identity."

E. E., Fort Scott, Kansas.—1. Seymour's majority was 10,000. 2. Our impression is that the Government paid that per centage for a short time at the opening of the rebellion.

COTTON, Greenville, Miss.—1. Flora Temple's best time was 2:19¾; Dexter's, 2:17¼—both in harness. 2. The best authenticated mile time on record, by a running horse in this country, is 1:44, by Legal Tender.

ANXIOUS.—You had better first ascertain the young lady's feelings in the matter; if she takes kindly to your attentions, then work your way gradually into the good graces of the "old folks."

D. W., Boston.—1. The game at muggins being blocked, and the count a tie, there is no game counted. 2. The blocker of a game is not entitled to the count in the event of a tie.

J. N. S. Q., St. Louis.—1. Sophie was born in 1848, Irene in 1849 and Jennie in 1850. 2. The rumored marriage of Irene is, to the best of our belief, true. 3. They are Americans.

LEGISLATURE.—C is entitled to the money he paid F on the wager, as well as an equal amount which he has won. The candidate who was disqualified by the legislature was not legally elected, and had no right to take his seat.

A FRIEND.—In the rank of General, which was created expressly for President Grant, is the highest in our army, and is one grade higher than that of Lieut.-General, filled by Scott until his decease.

YOUNKER.—1. The exercise strengthens the muscles of the hands and wrists. 2. Continue it until you feel fatigue coming on. 3. Any kind of sand will do, as well as any material for the bag.

JOHNSON, Perth.—After the cards have been cut no player has a right to shuffle the cards. Previous to the cut and deal, any player can claim the right to shuffle, the dealer having the last shuffle.

GIPSEY, Louisville.—If you cannot induce the manager of the theatre in your city to give you a chance, try your fortunes with the first traveling company that you hear of in your vicinity.

M. O'COSSON, Huntingdon.—A small deposit would make it read better, and give evidence of earnestness to the party challenged.

H. R. F., Providence.—Fowler & Wells, in one of their books, published a treatise on the subject, but we cannot say that it is better than the one referred to.

DOMINO, Peoria, Ill.—At the draw game, the party whose turn it is to play, must draw all the dominos, notwithstanding the game is blocked.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot give you her correct age, but, "Yankee-like," should guess it to be about forty. She has been married; her first husband is dead.

C. F.—Miss Alice Harrison, at present at the Tammany, is not married. She is a sister to Therese Wood, *danseuse*.

BAREFOOT, Baltimore.—1. Mrs. B. was born March 12th, 1830. 2. Maggie will not appear on the stage again this season. The crisis is looked for by June or July.

WILSON, Boston.—Salaries for such performers vary. Delehanty and Heugler get from $100 to $125 a week, while there are others who are very good who get only $40.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—1. The two ladies are in no way related. 2. Lizzie occupies the position of leading lady, and commands a salary of about $60 a week.

A. M. AND M. R., Springfield.—we never heard of their having exchanged blows previous to their recent battle near St. Louis.

A CONSTANT READER, Corry, Pa.—The population of London, Eng., is 3,150,000; Chicago, Ill., 250,000; Albany, N. Y., 70,000; Buffalo, 90,000.

J. F. W., Lexington.—Gladiateur ran the Two Thousand Guineas Course at Newmarket, 1 mile 17 yards, in 1 min., 39 secs.

V. G. Cleveland, O.—Coburn challenged King shortly after the latter's fight with Heenan, Dec. 10, 1863, but no match was made between them.

NOVICE, Philadelphia.—1. His name was Mons. Thiodon, and when last heard of he was in England. 2. John Morrissey was re-elected to Congress last November.

E. W. C., Cincinnati.—1. Their first appearance in America was with Nixon's Circus Company at Niblo's Garden, this city. William first did the act.

CONSTANT READER.—The party betting that Grant would carry this State by 10,000, loses; regardless of the question of fraud.

GEO. E. M.—Cincinnati.—Write to the Secretary of State. 2. See answer to O. E.

A CONSTANT READER.—George Rooke was born in Dundalk, Ireland.

GEE, Rochester.—She is the wife of Harry Clifford, low comedian, and was formerly in the variety business.

TAYLOR, Trenton.—See advertisement of Guide in another column.

C. W., Hamilton, C. W.—Such items will be acceptable. Your letter reached us on Monday, on time.

N. B., Buffalo.—We cannot inform you of the price of striking-machines, or where they can be purchased.

BRITISH COLUMBIA SPORT.—We believe that they do business on the square.

CONSTANT READER, Fond-du-Lac, Wis.—Tom Sayers was born in 1826, and fought Heenan April 17, 1860.

VELOCIPEDE.—According to the way in which you state the bet, A wins, as B did not go across the room.

R. J. R., Williamsport, Pa.—Twenty-three lines, one insertion, $3.45.

JAMES MILES, Pedestrian.—We have two letters for you.

F. R., Cheyenne.—We always like to be kept posted.

F. W. O., Buffalo.—It is a matter of business,

CONSTANT READER, Salem.—1. You cannot reduce the bird 10 oz. without weakening him materially. 2. There is no work on cocking now published.

W. E. J., Keyport.—The best work is, undoubtedly, "Youatt on the Horse," which you can obtain through any booksellers.

M. R., Newark, Sierra Co., Cal.—He is right and wins, he having made low before C, the bayer, made the points he gave for the privilege of the pitch.

BLONDE.—Emma Grattan, of the Lydia Thompson Troupe, has been married. She was divorced from Harry Courtaine in California in 1859.

W. A. KING, Springfield.—Your subscription expires with No. 3 of the present volume.

HENRY CALLESDALE, St. Louis.—For three months, cash in advance, $8.32.

INQUISITIVENESS, Pittsburgh.—She is twenty years of age, and that is the lady's mother who travels with her.

CONSTANT READER, Montreal.—Address W. C. Wemyss, whose advertisement you will find in another column.

F. B., Boston.—They are generally matters of opinion, which we cannot undertake to decide.

P. C. E., Detroit, Mich.—Sam Collyer was born at Boulogne, France, of Scotch parents.

J. L.—Jack is highest and seven spot low, when that card is included in the pack.

F. H., Petroleum Centre.—Philadelphia is the larger of the two.

BONIX, Greenville, Miss.—You had better write to some one in Albany. We do not know the lady.

G. W.—"Much Ado About Nothing" was written by Shakespeare.

THEATRE-GOER, Boston.—Lotta never played "East Lynne" or "Camille."

CONSTANT READER.—That must be agreed upon prior to commencing.

FAIRFIELD.—It was a catch bet, and therefore should be drawn.

T. B. W., N. Y.—Your advertisement will cost 75c. for each insertion.

C. C. A., Saco.—We cannot inform you.

W. H. J.—Edi Poole died March 8, 1855.

ANOTHER SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL.

In our theatrical department will be found a report of the inauguration of Mr. Tayleure's management of the Grand Opera House, which was consummated by the production of the Shakespearean drama of the "Tempest," accompanied with those accessories, scenic and decorative, so prodigally lavished upon the modern stage. The selection of a play essentially philosophical, a creation of the great bard in the plentitude of his matured vigor, and appertaining to the crowning category of inimitable productions, must be regarded as an error in managerial judgment, not because the work has not been well done, but because the distinctive character of the play—a dramatic poem of intense philosophical tendencies—does not admit of that continuity in physical effect, which carries the spectator through a series of scenes appealing rather to the senses than to mental contemplation. Unlike the "Midsummer Night's Dream," a work of a similar character, designed to illustrate the dawning of human intelligence, the "Tempest" is divested of those fanciful creations, visibly to portray the objects and purposes of the play, and therefore it affords limited scope for appropriate embellishment at the hands of actors, artists and machinists. Let us remember that during the Shakespearean period dramatic representations were devoid of scenery, the locality in action being simply designated by attaching a label to a conspicuous portion of the stage. And this very freedom from conventional situations relieved the dramatic poet from a source of restraint, and gave him ample freedom to indulge, as in the "Tempest," in flights of ingenious fancy. The three pre-eminently philosophical plays of Shakespeare may never have been designed for stage representation, while the tragedies, histories and comedies are not only constructed in accordance with a predetermined scenic design, but are susceptible of the highest degree of mechanical elaboration.

The earliest of the philosophic plays, the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which the poet as well illustrates the invisible workings of Nature beneath forms of fables as the universal nature of love, according to ancient poetic legends, was written in 1594. The "Tempest," wherein the author elaborates a similar philosophy, making Prospero a magician, through possession of supreme knowledge, attended by Ariel, the genius of intelligence, and Miranda, symbol of intuitive love, was composed in 1611, while all we know of "Timon of Athens," the culmination of Shakespearean philosophy, is its appearance in the player's folio of 1623. That the "Tempest exercised a potent influence over the contemporaries of its author is easily to be imagined, for the plot of the play and its centre character is almost identical with those in a book which produced the most [illegible] sweet known to modern [illegible] The "New Atlantis" of the remarkable Lord Bacon, however, did not appear until 1620, in which feigned story, as the author styles it, we find a learned man, Solomon, "with an aspect as if he pitied men," directing his House of Six Days Works, or the acquisition of universal science. Through the "New Atlantis" originated [illegible] the scenic introduction to the "Tempest," in the grand opera, representing the shipwreck, was assuredly an admirable mechanical contrivance, which might be given with greater effect as a detached prelude, as the scene has no actual connection with the continuity of the drama, and the somewhat clumsy manner of obscuring the stage with unnecessary scenery, adopted to avoid the prevelent method of scene-shifting, is a consumption of time and patience by no means compensated for by the ends sought to be attained. It is due to the scenic artist to commend his work, for, although the general tenor of the scenery, limited to an uninhabited island in midocean, near "the still vexed Bermoothes," must appear motionless, he has given evidence of both talent and tact in the erection of very pleasing landscapes. The final scene, however, is in bad taste, and, in our opinion, damaged the impression produced upon a reflective auditor by the striking brilliancy of the prior effects. As a work of art, it might answer for a pantomime or popular spectacle, but to terminate a Shakespearean play, whose most admirable quality is the profundity of its tuition, with a mass of resplendent and incongruous matter, we look upon as a descent from managerial dignity. The introduction of the *ballet corps* upon Prospero's domains can only be considered as anachronism, particularly as the *dramatis personæ* were habited richly and of a uniformity of costume anterior to the invention of *ballet* robes. Again, by what stretch of imagination can a spectator justify the execution of a polka by nymphs of Ceres, several of whom manifested their nationality by trimming their dresses with the colors of the carbonari? And yet we were treated to such a saltatorial exhibition at the termination of the fourth act.

We have already observed that we do not believe the "Tempest" to have been originally designed for an acting play. Hence, when performed upon our modern stage, it has been countenanced mainly to display the personal attractions of some fascinating Ariel, or her vocal abilities; indeed, at the old Park, where the "Tempest" was regarded as a species of antiquated opera, the Ariel was always considered the feature of the piece. In the present instance this can hardly be considered the case, for, although Miss Lucette performed the part very fairly, she evidently does not comprehend the Shakespearean character of Ariel, which is essentially different from Puck, who is the "trickey sprite," for, while Prospero, the Solomon of the New Atlantis, represents a man who has delved knowledge from the recesses of nature, and thereby rules supreme over the monster Caliban, or type of man in primitive ignorance, his master spirit, Ariel, is intelligence, which he holds in more tender bondage. With Shakespeare, music invariably accompanies the sovereignty of intellect, and, after the manner of Orpheus, forces charms through mediumship of melody. Ariel, therefore, is the physical exponent of Prospero's magical power, as Miranda stands the perfection of innate modesty, a natural creation, while Caliban, fashioned in accordance with the idea prevalent at that period as to divers origins of our race, is the connecting link between intelligence of a low order and abject brutishness. To complete the circle of humanity in its relative degree of degradation we have Stephano, the drunken butler, and Trinculo, a half witted fool, rebels against authority through the inspiration of intoxication at the instigation of a savage intellect, and herein we have the key to the entire philosophy of this ingenious dramatic allegory, which, while affording scope for good acting, can never be rendered susceptible of that ornate elaboration designed for it by the manager of the Grand Opera, and which, in this instance, utterly neutralized the efforts of the performers as elocutionary artists.

IMPORTANT.—While almost every kind of improvement imaginable has been made in the velocipede, and in the manner of its propulsion, is it not a little singular that no one has yet thought of propelling it by horse power. A horse would save a great deal of manual labor, and add considerably to the pleasure of riding. We think of elaborating the idea and of applying for a patent.

NOT AN ANIMAL.—In a case of cruelty to turtles, tried the past week, it was developed on scientific principles that the turtle is a reptile, and does not come under the operations imposing punishment for cruelty to animals, therefore you can bore holes through its fins regardless of consequence. A new clause will have to be added to the cruel law.

A GRAVE SUBJECT.—A lady, writing to our pious contemporary, the *Independent*, says that:—"The judges of the Supreme Court are chiefly remarkable for their grave faces and immense stomachs." Why could she not have put it *grave stomachs*, for the judges bury a great deal in them; besides, we often hear of the *pit* of the stomach.

ON THE TRACK.—When the Pacific Railroad is completed, as it bids fair to be this year, there will be no difficulty in finding men to run the locomotives, for there will be many an *infin near* on the plains.

TEA DRINKING BACHELORS are respectfully informed that the best way to get a good stock of *tease* is to seek the society of some lively young lady.

OUR NEW SUIT.—We presume that it is scarcely necessary for us to inform our readers that the CLIPPER appears in new type this week. We think "she" looks very stylish in her new rig, and cannot fail to please our friends.

OFF COLOR.—They have a law in Ohio allowing any colored person to vote who has more white than negro blood in him, and some of the ebonies are consequently considerably exercised about being considered within the *pale* of the law.

WONDROUS STRANGE.—Broadcloth pantaloons worn now-a-days are always *sat-in*.

Squibs and Things.

— Hinckley, the Boston artist, is painting a picture of "Dogs with Game." Some of our German sausage artists are getting up "game with dogs."

— Nevada is a place to "brag" on. Gambling has just been licensed there by the Legislature. "Gambling on the green" is now one of the rural amusements of the people.

— Jackson Haynes, American skater, was at Copenhagen a short time ago, and at his first exhibition he took in $800. He left for St. Petersburgh, where he expected to do a Russian business.

— A white headed eagle, measuring from tip to tip of wing 7½ feet, from tip of bill to end of tail, 3 feet, and weighing 11 pounds, was caught in a small steel trap attached to a sheep's carcase, on W. Price's grounds, Falmouth, N. H.

— The fishing question is again the subject of discussion between the Down-casters, Blue-noses and Dominionists, and they are biting at each other quite lively.

— An oyster containg 263 pearls was recently captured in New Haven harbor.

— The Third avenue skating rink has been engaged for the American Institute's next exhibition.

— The Utica was the first boat to get as high up as Catskill, on the Hudson river, this spring. She reached there at 10 A. M., on the 1st inst.

— A heavy snow storm fell last week in parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Sleighing in April!

— Freeing yachts from tonnage dues is the object of a bill just introduced in Congress by Fernando Wood.

— The Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society of Massachusetts, held its first annual meeting on the 30th ult., in Horticultural Hall, Boston.

— A fine of not more than $50 and not less than $5, has been made the penalty for playing with firearms, by the Michigan Legislature; and $100 and one year's imprisonment for firing off, even if no one is hurt. Now, then, the hot-headed legislators of that State will have to curb their tempers.

— There is a small slut at Fort McKavett, Texas, which lost four of her pups when they were but a few days old, but which now nurses two pups, two young squirrels, and one kitten, all fat and growing fast.

— In some cities there is a law which compels drivers in the public streets to keep open a space of two feet or more between their vehicles, so as to give pedestrians an equal chance with the horses. In this city the former must give way to the latter.

— The friends of Real, who killed Officer Smedick, not being able to endure the proposed suspension of Real, have had his sentence suspended instead.

— The New York Turnvereins have contributed $100 towards the Humboldt statue in Central Park.

— Nelson Haight, of Duchess county, N. Y., has sold his Hambletonian trotter, Gail Hamilton, to a New Yorker, for $2,750.

— A horse jockey, physician, methodist minister and jail keeper are reported as having been the callings of Buckingham, the baptiser of Montague Dean.

—Ready made dog warehouses are among the latest novelties advertised in Paris.

FANNY STOCKTON.

This lady was born in New York, and at an early age exhibited precocious musical talent. She had barely reached the age of eighteen, when it was decided that it was time for her to submit herself to the judgment of the public, she having been in charge of some of the best musicians in the country. She soon after withdrew from the public, when she again re-appeared, with her vocal gifts more fully developed, and her confidence in herself assured. Her success in the concert room was instantaneous and decided, both with the public and the press. After traveling through the country with concert troupes, meeting with success, she concluded to adopt the stage as a profession and become a lyric actress. She accordingly made her *debut* at the Olympic Theatre, this city, as Oberon, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the first night it was produced there. She shortly after left for Niblo's Garden, where she appeared as the Fairy Queen in the spectacle of the "White Fawn." She afterwards went to Chicago, where she played at the Opera House, under Hess' management, and with that gentleman and the company went to Philadelphia, at the Arch Street Theatre, where she is at present. Her voice is a pure soprano, even and good through all its registers. Her most rapid scales are well sung. In a dramatic point of view, she has much to learn.

THE TURF.

NOTICE.

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THE AMERICAN TURF.

The Metairie Jockey Club, New Orleans, Spring Race Meeting.

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 3D.

The Spring Meeting of the Metairie Jockey Club of New Orleans commenced on Saturday, the 3d inst., and will continue over six days, during which the munificent amount of $6,500 public money, given by the club, would be contended for. We have received the telegraphic report of the first day's racing, from which we learn that the weather was delightfully fine, the track in excellent order, and the attendance, especially of ladies and prominent turfmen from all quarters, large and select. Among the latter were many New Yorkers, including Messrs. J. Coffey, H. Babcock, Barry Cornell, T. Johnson, R. Underwood, etc., the latter gentleman officiating, as usual, in his customary capacity of pool-seller on the course. The meeting commenced under the most favorable auspices for success, for the purses and stakes being unusually rich and valuable, there were large and numerous stables of horses on hand to contend for them.

The racing commenced with a Sweepstakes for two year olds, dash of one mile, for which the entrance fee was $500; $100 forfeit, and $500 added by the Club. The second horse in the race saved his entrance, and the following four horses entered:—Mr. W. Cottrill's ch. c. Cottrill and his ch. f. Carrie P.; both from his famous sire Dan'l Boone, a full brother to Kentucky; Mr. J. A. O'Fallon's b. f. Alta Vela, by Vandal, out of imported mare Fillagree by Stockwell; and D. A. Wilson's gr. c. Jeff Jennings, by Lightning out of Becky Bee. Mr. Cottrill only started one of his two entries, being represented by the colt, his namesake; the three others all came to the post. Cottrill is familiar to northern turfmen, having made his first appearance in public in a two year old stake at the Narragansett Park Meeting last September, when he was beaten by Messrs. Dennison and Crawford's speedy colt by Eclipse, subsequently named Narragansett. He subsequently ran at the Paterson and Jerome Park Meetings in two year old stakes, winning both. Alta Vela is also well known to racing men in the north, as she won the Two Year Old Purse at Saratoga last season, beating Colonel McDaniel's flying filly Bonnie Lass, Mr. Cameron's Invercauld and Inveruglass; and Mr. Morris' colt and filly by Eclipse, in pretty fast time. There has been considerable confidence among turfmen as to the relative merits of these two youngsters, who, it may be here explained, ran in this race as two year olds, although by northern racing rules they are three year olds. The reason is, that horses in the south date their age from the 1st of May, and not the 1st of Jan., as is the custom in the north. Captain Moore has always maintained that he would beat Alta Vela with his son of Daniel Boone the first time they came together, and this race was that occasion. His opponent was unfortunate in the result, as Cottrill won cleverly in 1:51; Alta Vela being second. The winner was the favorite in the pools, but the filly had many staunch friends, who backed her pluckily.

The second race was one of unusual interest, being the Metairie Stake for all ages, two-mile heats; $1,000 entrance, play or pay, with $1,000 added by the Jockey Club. There were five subscribers, viz.:—T. G. Moore, who started Bayonet; J. O'Fallon, who ran Plantagenet; James Dudsk, represented by Gilroy, a full brother to Kentucky; the Metairie Jockey Club who ran Balmette, and J. W. Pennock, who did not run anything in consequence of his champion, James A. Conely, having gone amiss and been sent North. Bayonet was a hot favorite, and the New York division must have caught it heavily, as they backed him as if the race was virtually over. This overwhelming confidence was owing to the horses' brilliant turf performances last year, when he won the Narragansett Stakes, the Champion Stakes at Jerome Park, and the Great National State Poststake at New Orleans, as well as to the fact that he is owned by a New Yorker, Mr. H. Babcock. He had beaten Gilroy already in the State Stake, three mile heats, at this meeting last fall, and his most dangerous antagonist was Plantagenet, who was strongly supported by the friends of the powerful Athlone stable. Bayonet came in ahead on the first heat in 3:41¼, but the rider of Gilroy having made an objection against him for foul riding, and crossing him on the homestretch on the second mile, the judges declared him disturbed, and gave the heat to Gilroy, who was second. This decision spread dismay and horror into the ranks of the backers of the favorite, who saw their prospective winnings swept from them just as they appeared in their grasp, but they had no alternative but calmly to submit to the dicta of the "powers that be." In the succeeding heats Gilroy showed his lack of staying powers as he has repeatedly done before, for Plantagenet beat him easily, winning the second heat in 3:50, and the third, in 4:02½, which exhibited a great falling off in the time, as compared with the first heat. Chalmette was distanced in the first heat. The stake was worth $5,000 nett. We give the summary of the first day's racing. Summary:—

METAIRIE JOCKEY CLUB—SPRING MEETING, April 3d, 1869.—Sweepstakes for two year olds, mile dash, $500 entrance, $100 forfeit; $500 added by the club.

W. Cottrill's ch. c. by Daniel Boone, dam Maggie G.	1
J. J. O'Fallon's br. f. Alta Vela, by Vandal, dam Filagree	2
D. A. Wilson's gr. c. Jeff Jennings, by Lightning, dam Becky Bee	3
W. Cottrill's ch. f. Carrie P., by Daniel Boone, dam Lily Ward	dr

Time, 1:51.

SAME DAY.—The Metairie Stakes, for all ages, two mile heats, $1,000 entrance, p. p.; the club to add $1,000.

J. J. O'Fallon's b. h. Plantagenet, 4 yrs., by Planet, dam Rosa Bonheur	2	1	1
J. Conlisk's b. h. Gilroy, 5 yrs., by Lexington, dam Magnolia	1	2	2
T. G. Moore's b. c. Bayonet, 5 yrs., by Lexington, dam Bayleaf	dis		
Metairie Jockey Club's b. c. Chalmette, by Daniel Boone, dam by Brown Dick	dis		

Time, 3:41¼; 3:50; 4:02½.

LADY THORN AND AMERICAN GIRL MATCHED.—These two famous fast trotters are matched in two races for $1,000 a side each race. The first match, which is at mile heats, best three in five, in harness, will take place on the Union course, L. I., on the 3d of May. The second race is to wagons, mile heats, best three in five, and will take place over the same course on May 10th. Both mares have wintered well, hence the early period in the season the races are arranged to come off.

AN EARLY THOROUGHBRED.—On the 31st of March Col. McDaniel's thoroughbred mare, Lady Sykes, dropped a fine filly foal to the imported stallion, Leamington, at his paddocks, at Secaucus, N. J. The stock of this celebrated racer and sire in this country are remarkably promising, one of them, Mr. Cameron's Jerusalem filly, being engaged in two matches, one of $5,000 a side, and the other of $2,000 a side.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Northamptonshire Meeting.

ABANDONMENT OF THE NEWCASTLE RACE—DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN PATRON OF THE TURF—THE EARL OF GLASGOW'S RACING STUD—SALE OF A DERBY CANDIDATE—LATEST BETTING ON THE CHESTER CUP, TWO THOUSAND, AND DERBY.

The Northampton race meeting, one of the most important of the spring turf re-unions, commenced on Tuesday, March 16th, and fully maintained its ancient prestige. Time was when the Northampton meeting was regarded as inaugurating the racing season, but now it is overshadowed by the turf gatherings at Lincoln, Nottingham, Liverpool and Warwick, which precede it. The Trial Stakes did not fill, for, although Sir Joseph Hawley sent The Palmer expressly to run for it, only Orion was entered against him, and three horses were required to make a race. The Delapre Free Handicap had nine runners, of which Mr. Chaplin's Quality, selected to do battle for the stable, instead of the flying two year old Sister to Veda, was made a hot favorite. She, however, cut up badly, being beaten before half the distance had been run, and the winner turned up in Eolus, by Trumpeter, who was not backed for a shilling in the ring, in consequence of having been badly beaten in a recent trial. The Northamptonshire Cup Stakes, two miles, was won by the Nottingham Handicap winner, Friday, beating the favorite, Acaster, and three others, of whom Pompeii was second. The Whittlebury Stakes, for two and three year olds, was won by the Macaroni filly, Stephanotis, beating the favorite, Sunley (on whom six to four was laid on the strength of his never being beaten last year), and four others. The favorite was never in the race from start to finish, and could only gain fifth place; he had been stopped in his work in consequence of the melancholy death of his late owner, Mr. J. Stevenson the bookmaker, and was not in fit condition for the race. Then came the great handicap, the Northamptonshire Stakes, two miles, for which ten, out of the forty-five horses that accepted the weights, came to the post. Mr. Saville started Lancet, the newly named filly by Skirmisher, out of Buckingham's dam, 3 years, 82 pounds, in preference to Blueskin, and the betting at the start was 3 to 1 against her, and the same odds each against Marquis of Carabbas, 4 years, 91 lbs., and Capapie, 4 years, 112 lbs. Favored by his light weight, Marquis of Carabbas made the running throughout, and won easily by three lengths; Capapie being second and Lancet third, with the rest beaten off. The value of the stakes was $5,000, but beyond the immediate stable of Count Batthyany the owner of the winner, no big winners are reported, and nearly all the bookmakers lost. The Marquis is by Marsyas, out of Duchess of Kingston, and this was his maiden victory, although he had started six times at two and three years old. The Abbey Stakes was won by Professor Anderson, beating five opponents, and the Wakefield Lawn Stakes, for two year olds, proved the good thing for Tibbit (reported to be better than Sister to Veda at home), that it was generally considered, for with 6 to 4 on her, she defeated the Macaroni filly Pate, who carried a 7 lbs. penalty, by a length, with three others behind them. The Stand Plate was won by Pirate Chief beating Islam and six others by a head only, after a splendid race. It was not a little remarkable that every race of the day went to Newmarket, the Dawson family of trainers winning five out of the seven events.

On the second day of the meeting Stephanotis, Macaroni's daughter, followed up her Whittlebury Stakes success by winning the Two Year Old Sweepstakes, and then twenty-three starters were announced for Earl Spencer's Plate, a handicap for three year olds and upwards, over five furlongs. The betting at the start was 6 to 1 against Leonie, 8 to 1 each against Orion and Lady Beaconsfield, 10 to 1 each against Morning Star and Bessie Dixon, 11 to 1 against the Aunt Hannah colt, and 100 to 8 against Lictor. Among the starters was also the famous Lady Elizabeth, who commenced her brilliant two year old career on this course by winning the Althorp Park Stakes, beating easily such high class horses as Speculum, Uncas and Suffolk; she is now, however, a perfect wreck of her former self, for her temper is completely broken, and which a winter's riding as a hack, with a visit to Young Melbourne, the sire of her once renowned stable companion, The Earl, have failed to improve. She was very fractious at the start, and was left at the post, neglected and unnoticed. The race was won by Mr. Astley's colt Hannah colt by Lictor, 3 yrs., 80lbs., who completely spread eagled the field and won easily by ten lengths; Morning Star second, and Lictor third. The value of the stake was $3,850, but his owner, with Lord Westmoreland and Mr. George Payne, win large amounts in bets. He only ran once last year as a two year old, and is not engaged in any of the big spring handicaps, although entered in the Derby, St. Leger and Tenth Stamford Biennial. The Althorp Park Stakes, for two year olds exclusively, was won by Mr. Lyndon's filly by Macaroni out of Miss Agnes, with the French colt Florian second, beaten by a neck, and Stephanotis third. Seventeen started for this race, of which Pate, Hollandaise, St. Leonards and Stephanotis had been winners. Joseph Dawson had two in the Miss Agnes filly and Elferon, who were both reported, like Titbit, to be better than Sister to Veda, and as the former had beaten Elferon in a trial, she was made the favorite at 2 to 1, although both were heavily backed, coupled, at even money. Atlantis, from Mathew Dawson's stable, was said to be three lengths better than Stephanotis, and was supported freely at 6 to 1, while 8 to 1 was taken about the Lincoln winner, St. Leonards, and 100 to 8 against Florian. The latter was quietly backed by the French stable of Count La Grange to win an immense stake, and the coup was very nearly successful. [illegible] at the finish only a neck between first and second, the same between second and third (Stephanotis), and a head only in front of Atlantis, who had a clear run, the same being the latter. The stakes were worth $3,300 and the winner is by the same sire as Mr. Cameron's (of this city) imported filly, Inverness, who won a two year old race at Jerome Park last fall. The St. Liz Handicap, value $3,000, was won by a three year old son of Newminster, Compromise, from a field of nine, and with the odds of 10 to 1 against him; Capapie second, beaten by a head only, being the favorite at 7 to 4 against him at the start. The result was a welcome turn up for the bookmakers, who had been heavily hit on the previous races. The Selby Handicap was won by Mr. Chaplin's sweet colt Blinkhoolie, out of Duckingham's dam, Molly Hill, who handled the odds of 5 to 11 laid on him against six opponents. The winner was to be sold at the sale of Mr. Chaplin's stud of race horses (including Hermit, the Derby winner), the ensuing week, and as he has shown himself an extraordinary fast two year old, he will doubtless cause some competition for his possession. The Queen's Plate, two miles, was won by Blueskin with great ease, beating Friday (second), Wastard and three others. The Palmer was entered in this race, but Sir Joseph Hawley having telegraphed to have him struck, he did not start. The clever style in which Blueskin won this race caused a general feeling of regret among the backers of his stable that he had not been started for the Northampton Stakes instead of his stable companion, Lancet.

Lord Roseberry, a new aristocratic accession to the turf, is, like all racing men, ambitious of the honor of winning the "Blue Ribband," the Epsom Derby, and to aid him in the attainment of his object he has purchased the three year old colt Ladus for $17,750, and engaged James Dover, who trained Lord Lyons during his brilliant turf career, to prepare him for this important race. Ladus is by Lambton out of Zenobia, and fulfilled three engagements last year, the Stephenson Biennial at Newcastle, the Zetland Biennial at Stockton, and the Convivial Stakes at York, winning them all. He has lately been very heavily backed for the Derby, and doubtless the money proceeded from his new owner. In one quarter alone, during the past fortnight, over $100,000 has been taken against him; the operator being the Duke of Newcastle, who owns the Derby colt Wild Oats. Ladus has never been defeated, Ladus has never come against such first class horses as Belladrum, Pero Gomez, or Wild Oats, and, therefore, too much reliance ought not to be placed on his public running.

The sale of Mr. Chaplin's stud of race horses was announced to take place at Tattersall's on the 22d ult. Among the lots were Hermit, the Derby winner of 1867; Blinkhoolie, Ratzbah, out of the famous mare, Queen Mary; St. Ronans, by St. Albans, out of El-peth; Acaster, sister to Veda, The Orphan, Islam, Broomielaw, and the Kettledrum filly, out of Nelly Hill.

The City and Suburban Handicap is now the most important approaching betting event among the bookmakers. Robe-pierre,

THE RING.

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THE PRIZE RING

is apparently fast losing its prestige, and its followers have themselves mainly to thank for this state of things, which has been produced through the combined baneful influence of late years disgraced different gladiatorial meetings. The disgraceful proceedings alluded to have called the attention of the authorities to this proscribed sport more particularly than heretofore, and they have exercised a closer espionage upon the movements of the boxers. The Legislatures of different States have likewise passed prohibitory bills, which have become laws, the provisions of which are very stringent, and the penalties for violation exceedingly severe, and there is manifestly a determination to strike a death blow at the institution. All this has had a tendency to "spoil sport," and at present writing no event of any moment is upon the carpet.

DEATH OF JACK LEAD.—Our English files bring us intelligence of the demise of one of the most civil, scientific and merriest little fellows of the P. R.—John Lead—who died on March 13th, in Bethnal Green, London, of paralysis of the brain, after a severe illness of a few days. He was born in 1830. He was of the bantam breed, weighing at most only 7 stone 8 pounds; was brought out by Alf. Walker, and was never defeated. His first appearance in the ring was on February 8th, 1859, when he met and beat Bull, in the Kentish Marshes, in eight rounds, occupying 16 minutes only. His next three encounters ended in draws; first with Young Hackett, for £50, after contesting sixty-six rounds, the time being two minutes over three hours, and both fought to a "stand still." His next draw, with the scientific Jack Hartley, was owing to the interference of the police, on October 25th, 1860, when the men fought eleven rounds in 20 minutes; and the third with J. Dove, for £20, on January 20th, 1863, was also owing to a like interruption. Lead's most important encounter, however, was with young George Holden, of Walsall, for £100 a side. They met in the Home circuit on September 2d, 1863, and fought in the same ring as that in which Mace and Goss first met for £1,000. The contest lasted 1 hour 13 minutes, during which forty-two rounds were fought. Lead's last appearance in the ring was with Jerry Hawkes, for £100, neither man confined to a stone. Lead was much under weight. They met at Brookwood, in Surrey, May 16th, 1865, when the police interfered. A fresh *venue* was chosen, but Hawkes refused to enter the second ring, and gave in. Lead had of late years been residing with Mr. Marshall, the Leviathan, 222 Hackney road, where, to the last, he was well cared for. He was buried at Victoria Park Cemetery.

AN EVENING WITH THE GLADIATORS.

NED O'BALDWIN'S EXHIBITION.

For the second time since its erection the New York Swimming Academy, Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street, was the scene of a boxing carnival on Thursday evening, 1st inst., the proceeds accruing from which were devoted to the benefit of Ned O'Baldwin, the "Irish Giant." In point of attendance the occasion presented a great contrast to the two former exhibitions given by the tall son of Erin, but a trifle over three hundred persons in all being present—a fact attributable partly to the brief notice given of the testimonial, and partly to the distance of the *locale* chosen from the places where the patrons of boxing shows are wont to congregate. The building is very well adapted for the purpose, a flooring being laid over the swimming tank, in the centre of which a space was set apart for spectators, while seats were wisely excluded, and those who had procured "reserved seats" at a dollar a head had an excellent view from the gallery running around the entire hall. At eight o'clock the prospect looked anything but bright, scarcely an hundred pieces of pasteboard having been taken, and it was all of half an hour later before Uncle Bill Tovee brought out John Stenson and Morgan, both young 'uns, who, after a pleasing engagement in favor of the former, surrendered the floor to the "Jack of Clubs" *alias* "Humpty Dumpty," the diminutive hunchback, who was up at the scratch early exhibition, and who now sang a couple of songs, after which he rattled in the usual number of "browns." The next pair were of larger growth, by name Billy McMullen and Pete Rooney, old time enemies, but now fast friends. Though both possess a good amount of science, neither gave much evidence of it, but seemed rather bent on exhibiting their agility, in which Mac proved more supple of limb than the larger framed and more muscular Peter. It was a good humored set-to, and gave rise to considerable merriment, but neither ran any risk of getting hurt. Al. Braham, Director of Amusements at the House of Commons, was introduced and sang a favorite Celtic ballad, for which he was heartily applauded, and responded to an *encore* by singing two verses of "Vive L'America" in a spirited manner, though the absence of instrumental accompaniment was manifestly a disadvantage to him. This closing effort again "brought down the house," and as he withdrew, young Larkin and Hanley appeared within the mimic circle, their hands encased in the buckskins. Light tapping was the order of the encounter, though Hanley was busy with his excellent right all the time and caused the left side of his opponent's head to assume a ruddy hue by his repeated visitations, several of which were smarters, sounding like the crack of a whip. Hanley effected a landing with his larboard bunch of fives frequently on the dial, and put in a neat right-hander now and then also, but he is rather too much given to display of a fancy sort, and frequently executes a "toe spin" which he'd better leave off as he'll be taught a lesson sometime.

Joe Ryan and a well known light-weight boxer from Avenue B, now took collar and elbow holds for a wrestle, which everybody supposed, from the reputed skill of the former in this branch of sport, together with his superior height and strength, was certain to be all one sided, but the sequel proved the contrary. It was at once discovered that the boxer was no tyro in wrestling, but nevertheless two falls were gained in succession by Ryan, who both times had the advantage of the under-hold. The third trial was much longer, each being repeatedly foiled in attempts to cause the downfall of his rival, and finally, just as Ryan thought he had a sure thing his antagonist, by a dexterous twist, gained the fall, Joe coming to the floor with a crash, which fairly shook the building, and doubtless gave him a headache, if he's subject to that ailment. This was greeted with loud cheers by the friends of the successful party, which, added to the unexpected and severe fall, so excited Ryan that he clinched as soon as he arose. He again secured the under hold, gripping his opponent by the neck collar with both hands, and defying all the repeated efforts of the latter to deprive him of it. The struggle was prolonged and exciting, each bringing all his powers into play, and both in a desperate tussle ultimately coming to the floor together. Amid great excitement it was decided "no fall," and a draw was declared. The novitiate astonished all by his really fine display of skill. Boxing was now resumed by Tinker Doran and Mickey McAuliff, whose encounter wasn't marked by anything noteworthy, and they were followed by W. Stenson and Young Hager, the latter a sturdy chap, with countenance as solemn as though he was about to be executed, and which never changed while he held up his hands. Stenson possessed all the science, but the new comer opposed strength to it, and when he did find a lodging place for any of those vicious lunges he made Stenson feel it. They were deservedly applauded as they "sherried their nibs" and gave place to Pat Rooney and Johnson, which set-to was characterized by some very heavy thumps, though the boozy condition of the latter made it rather uninteresting. Now came one of the great features of the entertainment—the feats of strength announced for performance by Mr. Turner, a stout built young man of medium stature, consisting of having two immense stones broken upon his breast with a sledge hammer while his head rested upon one chair and his feet upon another, and bending an inch bar of iron by striking it across his arm. Judging from his slight figure, no one would have supposed him capable of performing the feats of strength mentioned, but when he had placed himself in position, with a stone, weighing, it was said, 150 pounds, placed across his body, and about a dozen smart blows sent the pieces flying in all directions, and finally divided it, they were satisfied and applauded him vociferously. Turner acknowledged this tribute and then resumed his position, when a stone twice the size of the previous one was laid across him, and a powerfully framed Irishman, known as "Ulussey of the Hook," took up the hammer. This individual was either too much excited or had an amount of benzine on board, which rendered his hands unsteady, for after striking three blows so close to the up- of the performer, the crowd insisted upon his desisting. Turner was relieved of the weight of the stone for a few moments and the lookers on endeavored to persuade him not to repeat the performance, but he stated that he would not be satisfied until the stone was broken, and having it once more placed across his body, Johnny Dwyer took hold of the sledge, and swinging it around his head brought it down twice fair in the centre, and one-half rolled off on either side. This was the signal for renewed and long continued applause, which was certainly fully merited. Turner's legitimate business is that of an Ethiopian delineator, being well known in the profession, and this was the third time that he has performed this feat since 1860. With these lines of business coupled he ought to prove a good card in "show-shops." He afterward bent a bar of iron, four feet long and of the thickness above mentioned, by striking it thrice across the muscle of his left arm.

The fragments of stone having been swept from the area, James H. Coffey, of Boston, and Tim Hussey entered and placed themselves in attitude for illustrating the art. Hostilities began by the former delivering a smart left-hander on the breast, which induced Tim to set down without waiting to pick out a clean spot, and riled him a little, for on getting up he went for Coffey, but the latter met his onset with a brace of facers more powerful than those Hussey sent in, and then for a while they pummeled away in ding-dong fashion, each planting some good blows, those of the Bostonian having far the most steam in them and several of his right-handed shots being terribly severe, the round ending by Hussey's downfall, after a brief struggle. The next round was very similar, a succession of hard blows resulting in a rally and clinch, the rivals being at length separated before the struggle for the fall was decided. The excitement occasioned by this meet was very great indeed, and had Coffey been as well known as Tim, this excitement would have been considerably heightened and the lookers on been gratified with a prolongation of the encounter. The Boston man astonished all alike by his science and great powers of hitting. After the excitement had subsided, O'Baldwin (who had concluded not to do the Grecian Statues—or "Grecian Bend," as Carney Johnny Dwyer, and after the veteran master had returned thanks on Ned's behalf, "the giant and the pigmy" threw themselves into a posish for the wind-up, a movement which provoked a general outburst of laughter at the contrast presented by the opposing gladiators. It is needless for us to say that the Giant had the best of the meet, but, as we remarked when Johnny first set-to with him, Dwyer did far better than any one whom we have yet seen going in with a vim, and getting as close to Ned's headpiece as his height and length of reach rendered possible, while he occasionally effected a landing in receipt for the favors handed him. This terminated the exhibition, which cidedly one of the most interesting which has taken place here for years.

WITHOUT FOUNDATION.—We are pleased to be able to state that the report alluded to in our last issue of the Pine is without any foundation in fact. Our latest advices state that he had arrived in San Francisco from that region on March 1st in good health, without having made any unpleasant acquaintance with lead.

TED NAFFIER'S CHALLENGE to the world has been accepted by Dan Crutchley, who says he will fight him at 130lbs for £25 a side, open for £50, so that it isn't likely Ted will have to leave for the States without a chance to exercise his milling powers.

GEORGE SEDDON'S NIGHT.—The exhibition gotten up for the benefit of the above named featherweight boxer did not attract as large a house to 600 Broadway on the night of the 3d inst. as had been expected, nor as large a one as the *beneficiaire* deserved at the hands of the admirers of the ring. Uncle Tovee opened the programme about half-past eight o'clock, by bringing forth the Stenson brothers, who, after one of their usual pleasing displays, gave place to the burly-framed Jim McKay, the Hinglishman bold, and Joe Quinn, the former, owing to his strength more than superior skill, having the best of the heavy hitting which ensued. Hanley and Larkin followed in a slashing engagement, in which a boil on the former's nose was opened, and the claret distilled profusely, rendering the donning of a clean shirt advisable before he could visit his girl. Billy Edwards, looking quite thin visaged from the effects of that velocipede accident, next showed up with Young McCann, of Boston, considerably taller and much larger in the reach. It was a rattling affair, and both men well sustained their reputations. Denny Doran then went through the Indian Club exercise with a grace which elicited much applause, and he was succeeded by George Seddons and a New York light-weight. From the reports in circulation to the effect that he had proved rather too many for Tim Collins, in Boston, recently, much interest was taken in this bout, and it showed that Seddons has greatly improved since he appeared on the metropolitan boards, and is now a very clever boxer, but he was no match for his opponent on this occasion, which is, however, no discredit to him. It was an exceedingly fine display, and was heartily applauded.

CHALLENGE.—BOSTON, APRIL 2, 1869.—EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER: I am prepared to make a match to fight any man in the world at 120 pounds for $500 a side, eight weeks from date of signing articles, the fight to take place in Canada, as that is the only place where it can be brought off without interference from the authorities. To show that I mean nothing but business, I enclose you one hundred dollars [money received.—ED. CLIPPER.] for any man of my weight to cover, and I hope to receive an early and favorable answer through your columns. Respectfully yours, TIM COLLINS.

WE HEAR THAT Jim Coffey offered to put up $300 to $100 and spar Tim Hussey in Boston, but the proposition was declined. Hussey informs us, however, that he will visit the Hub in a few days, and will then accommodate Coffey for fun.

A SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., paper, alluding to the arrival of George Rooke in that city, says that if he is desirous of milling he will doubtless be speedily accommodated. That's what he went for.

PETE ROONEY, one of the Seventh avenue "humming birds," will be the recipient of a benefit at Lincoln Hall, corner of Eighth avenue and 34th street, on Saturday evening, 10th inst. Johnny Dwyer will wind up with him.

FATTY WELSH was up before Justice Dowling on the afternoon of the 3d inst., charged with assault and battery by Michael Redican, of Cherry street. He was released upon bail the same day.

NED O'BALDWIN, James Coffey, and Mr. Lynch returned to Boston on the evening of the 2d inst. The giant will probably give an exhibition in Brooklyn at an early date.

THE STATEMENT of Tim Collins having set-to with Seddons at O'Baldwin's Boston benefit was incorrect, as Tom Denny was the man with whom he set to there.

WE ARE ADVISED that Mace has abandoned the idea of making a trip to this country, which he has of late been so anxious to do.

JOHNNY LAZARUS arrived in the city on the 3d inst.

VELOCIPEDIANA.

VELOCIPEDISM

Has, during the past few months, been added to the list of pastimes, and it is thought bicycle racing is destined to constitute one of our attractions during the present year, both out door and in. A perfect *furore* has been created wherever this novel machine has made its appearance, and though but a short time since it was comparatively unknown amongst us, now there are hundreds of schools and rinks in operation and doing a flourishing business, others are in course of preparation, including open air courses, while several "star" riders of both sexes have appeared, and contests for prizes are of frequent occurrence among those who have attained to proficiency in the propulsion of the vehicle. The machine has furnished fresh food for thought to those gifted with inventive faculties, and already the patent office is besieged by parties who have improved upon the same, while letters patent have been granted to various parties, some of whom have constructed velocipedes of entirely new and very ingenious patterns.

THE VELOCIPEDEDROME.—Under this name the building in Montgomery street, Jersey City, formerly used as a skating rink, was reopened on the 29th ult. as a velocipede and floor-skating hall. The enterprise is in the hands of Mr. Frank Rivers, for many years connected with the show business in this and other cities. Despite the inclemency of the weather, the attendance of ladies and gentlemen was large. Invitations had been extended to all the crack riders on the bycicle in this city and Brooklyn, to be present and participate in the opening exercises, and so liberal was the response that it was found almost impossible to accommodate them. Some twenty or thirty really excellent riders were on hand, with as many more that were not first class, but who made a passable show. Among the former were Messrs. Carlton, Pickering, Wood, Burroughs, Monod, Powers, Pangburn, Witty, Taxter, the Tilton brothers, Hudson, and Willie Pease. Frank Swift's *protégé*. Plain and fancy riding was indulged in, while all the tricks known to the trade were performed—such as riding over the inclined plane, picking up the handkerchief and playing "tag." The performances of the Tilton brothers—four in number—were simply wonderful, and were an exemplification of what continued practice will do, even on so skittish an "animile" as a velocipede. The triple act, by Hovell and the Witts, was daring, and was the feature of the evening. The graceful and fancy riding of most graceful and dashing riders, Carlton and Pray attracted considerable attention. Willie Pease was noted for the ease and grace with which he bestrode his handsome velocipede. For fast riding, Pangburn, Hovell and Willie Pease excelled. After the audience had been surfeited with all the evolutions in the velocipedists' manual, a pleasing exhibition was given by the members of the New York Skating Association, which was participated in by some twenty or thirty of the most expert lady and gentleman floor skaters of this city. Dolly Bedell, Fanny Powell, Charley Smith, Jimmy Mead and Peter Kynock were the most noteworthy. Parm Johnson, Al. Howard, W. H. Cammeyer, Sam Lewis, John Engler, Eugene St. Clair and other noted velocipedists and skatists were present, as spectators. During the evening Mr. P. T. Barnum delivered a humorous and instructive lecture on the velocipede. He traced the origin of the bycicle back to the last century, and related many interesting anecdotes of his managerial experience.

AMATEUR RACE IN CANADA.—A contest for an elegant gold medal, in the shape of a velocipede, took place at the Crystal Palace Velocipede Rink, Montreal, C. E., on the evening of the 1st inst., the competitors being eight in number, and the distance eight times around the rink, about half a mile. C. P. Alloway opened the race and made the distance in 1:56½, on a low spring velocipede. During the second round of the next rider the velocipede got out of order, and the remainder of the races had to be run on a high velocipede. Mr. Alloway, however, refused to run again on the high velocipede, and after some conversation it was agreed by all parties that if any of the subsequent riders beat Mr. Alloway's time, he was to race with him again the following evening on the low velocipede. It will be seen that Charles Lovell beat Alloway by a second and a half, consequently these two were to compete again for the medal. R. K. Lovell was making splendid time, but unluckily, when on the second round, he made too sharp a turn and came to a sudden stand, and gave up. The following are the entries, with the time made by each rider:

[illegible]	[illegible]
B. Wall	2:01
Henry Baillie	2:03½
T. O. Oliver	[illegible]
R. K. Lovell	[illegible]

OPENING OF AN OUTDOOR TRACK FOR VELOCIPEDES.—The opening of the new outdoor track at the Union Ball Ground, Williamsburgh, came off on the afternoon and evening of the 31st ult. The track is elliptic in form, 26 feet in width, and about a thousand feet in length. It is located at the lower end of the field, and will not interfere with ball playing. The weather was not all that could be desired for open air amusements. A high wind prevailed all the afternoon, which somewhat interfered with the riders. Burroughs, the Pickerings, Ab. Brady, Hovel, the Tiltons, the Witts, and other riders took part in the exercises and contributed to the success of the enterprise. The introduction of a new bycicle for ladies, which entirely overcomes the many objections urged against the present style, was the feature of the afternoon's entertainment. Two young ladies exhibited their skill in managing the machine, much to the gratification of the spectators, who expressed their satisfaction at the performance by frequent applause. Music lent additional attractions to the day's enjoyment, which was terminated by a bounteous lunch.

EMPIRE CITY VELOCIPEDE HALL.—The skating rink on Third avenue was inaugurated as a velocipede school on the evening of the 31st ult. The huge building was brilliantly illuminated by thousands of gas jets, and a fine band of music played many of the popular airs of the day. A large audience of ladies and gentlemen was present, who occupied the platform surrounding the space set apart for the riders. The exhibition was under the management of Harry Taxter. Velocipedes of every make and variety were on hand—two, three and four wheel—including the Demarest, Merrill, Bradford and the Union Hardware Company. Many noted riders were present and took an active part in the entertainment, which consisted of exhibitions of fast and slow riding, the game of tag, picking up the handkerchief and gymnastic feats by the Tilden brothers, Hovell and Witty. Not the least interesting part of the performance was the appearance of two lady riders, whose evolutions on the bycicle were watched with considerable interest. They were dressed in becoming costumes, and thoroughly demonstrated the feasability of the new motor for use by the weaker sex.

BICYCLE NOTES.—A National fair and exhibition will be held at the Velocipede Rooms, Jersey City, in May next. .....At a late meeting of the Board of Aldermen discussed the question of prohibiting the use of velocipedes in this city. .....A chap and his bicycle were overturned by an intelligent policeman in Brooklyn last week, but as the justice before whom the offender was brought could find no ordinance on the subject, he was discharged.....A contest for two prizes, one for fast and one for slow riding, came off on the 27th ult., at the West Side Rink, Cleveland, O.; the fast race, distance a little over half a mile, was won by F. R. Stevens in 2:19, and the slow race by Fred. Kanphalt, who made one circuit of the room in 1:58.

VELOCIPEDE SELL.—A few days ago an advertisement appeared in the local papers to the effect that Prof. Laurin, of Cincinnati, Ohio, would give a free exhibition, April 1st, at noon, of his one wheeled velocipede. Just before 12 the crowd began to gather, until the main streets were almost impassable. Shortly after the time the velocipede made its appearance from an alley way, in the shape of a dilapidated wheelbarrow, worked by two negroes, one seated and playing a fife and the other wheeling it, both being pretty drunk; immediately behind came a man with a large board, with "April Fool" posted on it. That crowd left, and now you cannot find any one that went on purpose "to see the velocipede."

HALF MILE RACE AT THE AMPHICYCLOTHEATRON.—The first long distance velocipede race in this vicinity came off at the Union Grounds, Williamsburgh, on the 5th inst. There were seven entries, and the prize was a silver cup. The machines used were of the Merrill make, all 33-inch driving wheels. Three circuits of the track completed the distance, which was traveled over by the winner, Mr. James Morrill, in 2 minutes and 5 seconds. The second best time was made by G. R. Comstock in 2:10. Quite a concourse of ladies and gentlemen were present, and the occasion was enlivened by music. The judges were Messrs. Merrill, Wilson and Hoyt.

THE ROCHESTER RINK.—Some two hundred spectators assembled at the rink in Rochester, N. Y., on the evening of the 1st inst., when it was opened as a velocipede school by Frank Swift, the ex-champion skater. Mr. Swift went through some of his daring movements, Mlle. Marue, the lady rider, showed to great advantage, and Mr. Stearns came in for a good share of applause. The mile race for a gold medal, open to Rochester amateurs only, brought out four riders, and F. W. Hawley won easily, notwithstanding a fall.

A VELOCIPEDE tournament took place in Franklin Hall, Bridgeport, Conn., on the 1st inst., for the championship of the state, in fancy riding, and a handsome silver goblet, which was won by Fred. S. Nickerson, of that city. There was also a trial of speed between the scholars of a riding school, for a silver medal, which was won by John Hawley, who made a half mile in 2:40. An American of African descent created great excitement by his terrific speed, which brought down the house, and him to.

A VELOCIPEDISTICAL OMNIBUS is reported as having recently bycicled it from Akron to Toledo—distance about 90 miles—in 15 hours.

THE DUTCHESS COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY announce plump purses for velocipede races at their next meeting.

THE QUEEN CITY RINK, in Cincinnati, was to open this week as a velocipede school. An exhibition was given there on the evening of the 2d.

PEDESTRIANISM.

NOTICE.

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THE PAYN-WESTON MATCH.—The walking match between C. N. Payn and E. P. Weston, from Walnut Creek, Pa., to the Buffalo Post Office, about 103 miles, for $500 a side, 'tis said, commenced at 2 o'clock P. M. on the 30th ult. Payn took the lead at the start, and kept it until Northeast was reached, when he stopped and allowed Weston (who is stated to have lost only about five minutes by stoppages during the first fifty-eight miles) to pass him. Weston reached the bridge over the Cattaraugus creek at 7:40, three miles east of Silver Creek. The bridge was in such a condition that the horses could not cross, and the teams had to be abandoned. Weston was detained about 40 minutes, waiting until a conveyance could be obtained. Payn overtook him at the bridge, and Weston started on Payn's arrival, but after proceeding about two miles, stopped at a house and waited for Payn, who was unable to obtain a conveyance, when a consultation was held, which resulted in an abandonment of the walk. Payn was willing to go ahead, but Weston refused to do so, saying that, as Payn had no team for his judges, if he (Weston) pushed on and got to Buffalo first he would not be allowed the stakes. He also claimed that the detention had given Payn a great advantage—that it had virtually reduced the contest to a thirty-mile walk, instead of one of a hundred miles. Admitting that Payn could beat him on a thirty-mile walk, he said that both he and his opponent had had a long rest that they were again comparatively fresh, and that all the advantages he (Weston) had gained by not stopping on the road, had been lost to him by the long stoppage. The intelligence of this termination caused much disgust to the Buffalonians, who were by no means chary of their allegations of fraud, &c. Weston comes in [illegible] for his refusal the abandonment is attributed, and his views are not regarded as unreasonable. The next day the match was declared a draw. Should they ever get up another match the public will assuredly give them the cold shoulder.

On the evening of the 2d inst., Payne published a card, which, after stating that Weston deliberately abandoned the match and his backers, notified Payn that if he completed the walk they would not allow the stakeholder to give up the money, he concludes as follows:—"I always have defeated Weston, and am satisfied I always can, and would be glad to walk him for $1,000 or $2,000, if he could find any one to back him who would not sue the stakeholder for his money if I won it; or, if he cannot do this, I will walk him the same hundred miles for nothing, and pay my own expenses, just for the pleasure of walking against him, as I have not the slightest doubt of beating him; or, I will walk him one hundred miles on the track, the entire gate money to be given to the poor of Buffalo, or any benevolent institution of Buffalo."

ONE HUNDRED MILE TRAMP.—Madame Moore completed a one hundred mile walk at Gleason Hall, Troy, N. Y., on the evening of the 27th ult. The time given is 23 hours, 31 minutes and 10 seconds. She was to leave Troy for Lowell, Mass., on the 1st inst., and after walking against time there was to return to Troy and walk against Joe Oddy. An amusing incident occurred on the afternoon of the 27th, while she was on her pedestrian tour. It appears that a young West Troy "blood," whose head wasn't exactly level, and who had walking on the brain, had undertaken to force himself as a companion of Madame M.; but she couldn't see it, and the whyskyterion individual, persisting in his attentions, was summarily knocked down by her. The ambitious youth left immediately, but threatened an action for damages for defamation of character.

HALF MILE RACE.—The match between the noted Bob Rogers, of Chelsea, and Charley Smith, of Aston, near Birmingham, to run 880 yards for £25 a side, was decided at the Royal Oak Park, Manchester, Eng., on March 13, about four hundred persons being on hand. Rogers made the running about a yard in advance. This order was maintained until rounding the turn into the straight run home. At this point the Birmingham man put on the steam and became level, and in this way they dashed towards home. About sixty yards from the tape, Smith tired, and Rogers, coming away, won rather easily by one yard and a half. The first quarter mile occupied 1 min. 1 sec., and the half mile 2 min. 7¼ sec.

ONE MILE RACE.—On the 26th ult. A. Bird, of Sheffield, and Frank Hewitt, late of Millwall, Eng., contended at Hyde Park, Sheffield, for £50 a side, distance one mile. At a tremendous pace both contested every inch of ground along the straight, but Hewitt, though he persevered in the most gallant manner, could never succeed in catching his opponent, who won by four yards. Time, 4 minutes 29½ seconds. A finer race has never been witnessed in Sheffield.

RACE MEETING IN CANADA.—The programme of the meeting arranged to take place at Whitby, C. W., on the 24th prox. includes a foot race for $300, same conditions as the Queen's Plate, another of three miles and the championship of Canada for $150, a two mile dash for $100, and a 100 yards race for $150, together with three trots.

JOHN DE WITT, the Chicago pedestrian, is desirous of finding somebody who will remunerate him in the sum of $500 and pay his personal expenses in a walk from Bangor, Me., to Chicago, over Weston's old route. He may be honest enough in making this proposition, but E. P. W. has killed everything of that kind, and so he'd better give up the idea.

A SHORT TIME SINCE J. J. Finnegan made a wager of $10 that he could run from the Brighton Bridge at Riverside to the Cambridge car station in Bowdoin Square, Boston, in twenty-five minutes. On the 2d inst. the attempt was made, and resulted successfully for Mr. Finnegan, who made the distance in nineteen minutes.

THE PROPOSED CHAMPION MEETING.—William Falden and James Colbert, the projectors of the proposed pedestrian tournament, to which we have heretofore alluded, have finally decided upon holding it during the first week in June, at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, and have arranged a programme, which they assure us will be faithfully carried out.

JAMES MILES is said to have completed the task of walking one hundred consecutive hours without rest, at No. 8 Canal street, Providence, R. I., at 11 o'clock P. M. on the 3d inst.

BILL LANG has taken the Pheasant Inn, near the City Grounds, Manchester, Eng.

THE TRIGGER.

NOTICE.

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PIGEON POPPING

has, during the past year, occupied a more prominent position than previously, and this season will doubtless be equally fruitful of competition by expert pigeon poppers.

PIGEON SLAYING IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Another interesting shooting match took place at Connellsville, Pa., on the 31st ult., between Geo. W. Pennington, of that town, and Jesse Allen, of Uniontown, for $100 a side, at 13 single birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, 1 ounce of shot. This was the fourth meeting, Pennington having won two out of the three previous, and the encounter created considerable excitement among their friends. Both men shot exceedingly well, Pennington killing 12 out of his 13 and his 13th bird falling out of bounds, proving conclusively that Pennington is the best shot. A large amount of money changed hands on the result, Allen's friends being confident that by shooting with less shot their man would win. The following is the score:—

Pennington	1111111111111—12
Allen	1110110101011— 9

MATCH IN DETROIT—COUSINS VS. STENTON—MEAN PROCEEDING.—The match between Cook Cousins, of the Tam O'Shanter Club, and Gof Stenton, of the Detroit Shooting Club, for $500 a side, has terminated in a disgraceful manner. On the day of the contest the weather was bitterly cold, and after shooting at six birds each, Cousins killing all and Stenton five, the latter refused to shoot any more that day. Cousins, although entitled to the money, refused to claim it, but declared his readiness to conclude the match a week from that day, which Stenton agreed to. On recommencing, the contestants commenced at the seventh bird, shot at five each, of which both killed four each. It came to Stenton's turn to shoot from the H trap, but on springing it, the bird did not rise, and by some mishap, the Trap was sprung, and the bird in it flew and alighted on the H trap with the other bird. The shooter called for judgment, when his judge told him to shoot at the blue bird, which was his original one; the other being a white bird. The white was the first to rise, when he shot and killed it, and refused to shoot at the blue bird. Cousins at once challenged the shot, and the referee decided it a missed bird. Stenton refused to abide by the referee's decision, or to leave the point to any sporting paper, Cousins claimed the stakes, and upon Stenton refusing to shoot when called upon, the money was awarded to the former. Stenton subsequently commenced a suit, and recovered his stakes; but the feeling against him for his unsportsmanlike conduct has alienated his friends.

TAYLOR AND TINKER.—A MATCH MADE.—The long talked of match between these two accomplished knights of the trigger has at last been arranged. On Wednesday last Henry Tinker, accompanied by his backer and adviser, Oliver Marshall, of Providence, R. I., arrived in this city, and were met by John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Ira Payne. Without any delay the terms of the match were arranged, articles signed, and a forfeit of $250 a side staked. The conditions agreed upon were to shoot at one hundred single birds each, ground traps, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary, 1⅛ ounce shot, find and trap for each other. The match will take place in New York instead of Boston, as originally contemplated, and will be shot at Dubois' Half Mile Track, Eighth avenue, and One Hundred and Forty-fourth street, on Wednesday, the 28th inst.

PAYNE AND WARD.—A few weeks ago Ira Payne, of New York, challenged James ward, of Toronto, (who had previously beaten Payne in a match) to a second contest at one hundred single birds each, half ground and half plunge traps, for $500 a side, either gold or greenbacks. To this straightforward offer Ward has not responded in any way, and Payne is surprised at his not being willing to give him another trial.

DYSPEPSIA TABLETS cure Indigestion, Heartburn and Sour Stomach. Fifty Cents per Box. Mailed for 60c. Sold by druggists. S. G. WELLING, 571 Broadway, New York.

BILLIARDS.

NOTICE.

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THE ILLINOIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

A match at billiards for the title of Champion of Illinois, and the golden cue, the seventh contest for the above honor and prize, and $200 a side, took place at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, on the 25th ult., between Vermeulen and Honohan, 1,200 points up, push shot barred, in the presence of a large assembly of spectators. Play commenced at 8 P. M., Vermeulen winning the lead, and laying off in the lower left hand corner, when Honohan counted and made a run of 28, when Vermeulen did some fine playing, and by tolerably good fortune in the way of kisses, scored 111, when he went in the pocket on a good count. Honohan then took 9 from the two reds. Small counts followed for each in the next two innings, the Peorian getting kissed out of a count which promised nicely, besides encountering a bad break at his next opportunity, and leaving the reds in a heap, from which Joe dug out 27, and strung the balls, with his opponent in pocket. The latter then counted on a beautiful bank shot, but at the next effort, failed by a feather, besides leaving a favorable opening for his opponent, who improved it to the extent of 19, going to pocket off a count. Honohan could procure but 5, and again left a bank shot harder to miss than make. Joe preferred the latter, and added 23 to his score, the game standing:—Vermeulen, 188; Honohan, 56; At his succeeding essay Mike scored 14, missing singularly. Next the other halted at 7, falling on a hard shot, while Mike stopped off at 6. Small counts were again the rule for a time, until Honohan, scoring 15, passed his first hundred 96 points behind. Indifferent play and trifling results were again the rule for three or four innings, Vermeulen being the first to branch out with a run of 28. Honohan then scored 15, after which both players contented themselves with blanks, Joe first getting away with 34. Then Honohan, nettled at an offer of $100 to $50 against him, took a benefit of 38. Vermeulen, following suit, made 55, passing to his fourth hundred, the score standing—Vermeulen, 324; Honohan, 181. A wretched balk by the Peorian left the other a comforting prospect, from which he realized 31, the former following with but 9. Then Vermeulen sought the pocket for safety, and Honohan, with miserable judgment, left a perfect gift as the result of a miss, and his opponent profited by it at the rate of 28. Trifling accomplishments for each extended several succeeding attempts, Honohan passing his second hundred 194 points in the rear. Successive runs of 15 and 22 widened the breach, the game standing in the thirty-eighth innings—Vermeulen, 435; Honohan, 212. The next few innings failed to alter the status of the game, excepting a slow gain for Vermeulen. In the thirty-fourth innings Honohan brushed up and accomplished 61, his best run, falling by a hair's breadth. Jo then halted at a single count, as did also the other, but the latter had the excuse of a miscue. The game then took [illegible] way, and began to redeem himself, putting in a run of 36. The member from Holland, however, again went several better, scoring 60, and passing to his sixth hundred, the score standing—Vermeulen, 554; Honohan, 339. The latter [illegible] which carried him to his [illegible] and soon after with 54, 135 behind, the score standing in the forty-fifth—Vermeulen, 565; Honohan, 530. The next achievement of consequence was 24 by Honohan, supplemented soon after by thirty-seven, which brought him within 99 of his opponent. A pocket by Vermeulen brought Mike to his six hundred. Score—Vermeulen, 597; Honohan, 501. Honohan, probably unknown to himself, then began playing with his opponent's ball, but the latter failed to discover it until four or five shots had been made, so that the claim of foul could not be allowed, and he expended a run of 59 with an accidental shot to pocket. Vermeulen failing to score, Mike followed with a run of 44, which placed him within 5 points of his opponent, the score standing, in the fifty-first innings—Vermeulen, 611; Honohan, 606. Then Joe scored 10, and then the other barely failed on a bank shot, leaving an organized donation, from which the Chicagoan took but 16. Another failure by Honohan, and a run of 32 by the other told the next innings, when a promising outlook for Honohan ended at 8. Slight counts and careful play marked the next nine innings, Vermeulen finally getting a single point on his eighth hundred, by Honohan's deliberate shot to pocket, while the latter getting another opportunity directly, took away 68, which gave him a lead of 24, the first he had enjoyed during the game, the score standing—Honohan, 725; Vermeulen, 701. Joe took this offered benefit, and had made 10, with the balls in good position, when he was guilty of a palpable "poke," which was claimed and decided against him. In the next innings a bit of misfortune on the part of Honohan, the ball taking a pocket off a count, and Vermeulen a bunch from which he nice nursing, he scored 70, again gaining the lead. Score on sixty-seventh innings:—Vermeulen, 787; Honohan, 736. The next ten innings were attended with but moderate achievements, Vermeulen eventually settling down to business to the tune of 83, which brought the score:—Vermeulen, 920; Honohan, 774. In his seventy-seventh innings the Chicagoan captured 60, while the Peoria modder got away with 43 immediately after, the scores 980 to 900. Honohan, in the eighty-second inning, left the balls in the centre of the table, which enabled Vermeulen to reach 50, which carried him to his eleventh hundred and placed him 210 points ahead. For at least a dozen innings the runs were small and the play careful, Honohan seeming to have suddenly opened his eyes to the necessity of something more like safety shots. In the nineteenth innings the game stood: Vermeulen, 1,104; Honohan, 930. At his very next attempt, Honohan, with the balls in good position, was guilty of a fearful failure, missing the first ball, which was within inches of the centre pocket, and leaving Vermeulen the bunch he should have profited by. This ended the game, Vermeulen running out in the next innings with 96—Honohan, 910. The following is

THE SCORE.

VERMEULEN.—111, 4, 0, 4, 27, 19, 25, 7, 0, 9, 0, 9, 2, 0, 3, 28, 7, 0, 33, 55, 31, 0, 28, 2, 4, 19, 2, 3, 17, 7, 8, 15, 3, 0, 0, 12, 6, 5, 8, 3, 0, 6, 6, 4, 14, 0, 0, 0, 3, 5, 2, 5, 19, 10, 2, 4, 0, 1, 4, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4

DER FELLER DOT SOLD DEM LEEDLE DORGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GUS PHILLIPS.

John Peder Schneider vas a man
  Dot vas a fighder bold,
He use to shtand in Villyiam shtreet,
  Und leedle vite dorgs he sold;
He did use to carry dem dorgs by his arms,
  Und he'd comb dem all der vile,
Und tie bink ribbons mit deir necks
  Und fix dem up in shtyle.

Und pisness mit him dot vas "righd shmart,"
  He vas doin poody vell;
He selled dem hounds for ten dollars abiece—
  Dem vas bully hounds to sell.
Von day a man he comed by John,
  Und he says:—"I loosed my hound,
Und I didn'd know now vere he vas
  Excepd it vas by der Pound.'"

John Peder, he says den to dot man
  (He vas on "der make")—
"I abose of a feller he finds dot dorg
  He'll got a lifely stake."
Und der man he says:—"I voodn'd mind,
  Of dot leedle shmall dorg vas here,
To gife some berson a twelf dollar note
  Und oben a keg of bier."

Den John he says:—"Vere do you leef?
  I vant you to told me drue,
So dots in case I find dot hound
  I vill know just vat to do."
"Vell, you know vere it is dot Crosberry streed?
  I leef number dree hundert four—
Just ask for Misder Shnicklefritz—
  My name dot's on der door."

So early next day dot John valked oud,
  Und he vent up to "der Pound,"
Und dere in a corner, tied mit sdrings,
  Vas Shnicklefritz's hound.
Und so quick dot he shpied dot leedle dorg,
  He begin to commence to cry,
Und a bolcesman he says, "Don'd feel so bad,
  (John vas dryin to "close his eye")

"Of der hound dot's yours, just took him oud,
  Und don'd let him come here again,
Of you do he'll lose boud half his head,
  Und his brains dey'll be knocked in."
Und John he took der ky-oodle oud,
  Und dey botd got in a stage,
Und he sot on a lady's Grecian bend,
  Und her face got blue mit rage.

Ven dot stage got down by Prince's streed,
  John und der hound got oud,
Und he says, "Dwelf dollars—come ride along;
  Of you voodn't I'll bust your shnoud!"
Den John he find dot number oud,
  Und he vent und pulled dot bell,
Und Shnicklefritz come to dot door,
  Und he vas mat like—der deuce.

Und he says:—"Vat did you mean by dot?
  Vas you dryin to pull dot oud?"
Den he pulled such a "shot sling" oud his pocket
  Und "shmashed" John on "der shnoud."
John put himself by dot "position,"
  But der oder man he vas "shmart,"
Und he hit dot John of his "basket of bread,"
  Und he fell mit a carman's cart.

Und der carman he shtood him on "his pins,"
  Und he says:—"Go in again!
Just shpar around for a leedle vile
  Till you got your 'second vind.'"
But Shnickey he voodn't vait for dot,
  He vas "awful shpry".
He just nobsed back mit his "sond paw"
  Und "ketched" John on der eye.

Und John vas gittin "kind of sick"—
  He vanted to go home,
Ven, bang! he got anoder von
  Ride on his "jugiar bone."
Und der carman he says, "He's played oud now—
  He's stiff just like a log;"
Und cause he didn't had no "sponge"
  He "chucked up" dot leedle dorg.

Den he laid dot John ride on der cart,
  Und cofered him up mit straw,
Und took dot John by der station house
  Und laid him by der door.
But John vas died—"his goose vas cooked"—
  He vond nefer sold dorgs some more,
For dere he vas all stretched oud
  Und hese nose all full mit shtraw.

Und der crowner and der jury camed,
  Und dey found John med his death
Der sain as dem peoples on railroad drains—
  "Just for der vant of breath."
Den dey boxed him up mit a big pine box,
  Und carted him all around,
Und at last a doctor buyed "der shtiff"
  For fifteen cents a pound.

A BULLY HAND TO BRAG ON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "THE JUVENILE."

All who have traveled upon the western or southwestern waters of this Union, prior to the occurrence of the war of the late rebellion, could not fail to remark the numerous classes of gamesters, of whom are the distinctions of society, who are to be encountered at every point of progress in an unsophisticated pilgrim's journey, and particularly within the cabins and staterooms of the floating palaces navigating the waters of the southern states. It has been facetiously asserted that De Soto must have had a deck of cards in his doublet when he first appeared upon the banks of the Mississippi, but certain it is that since the earlier days of travel upon the Father of Rivers, card playing and its consequent hazards has been regarded as the most prolific source of gain among the habitual navigators of that mighty stream, many of whom voyaged almost solely to prosecute a professional gaming mode of livelihood.

Twenty years back it was impossible to set foot aboard of a steamer in the southwest without running counter to a collection of trained gamesters, technically designated a "school," comprising never less than three experts, and frequently swelling to a dozen, ingeniously graded and tutored to fulfil certain conventional duties, in accordance with the magnitude of the presumed earnings to be derived from the speculative combination. Although confederated and working in general harmony, the pupils of a school presented such contradictory characteristics to the observation of an unsophisticated traveler, that, even where the delusion has been dispelled through sad monetary experience, the victim could scarce be made to realize the unity of the whole component parts of the heterodox appeared of the most antagonistic nature. Deceived by the language, address and costume of the professionals, a stranger, rarely escaping the importunities of suddenly acquired friends, or resisting the temptations of a winning game, whose very simplicity constituted its attractive danger, discovered, when too late, that those in whom he reposed confidence, mainly from their external appearance, had betrayed him into the meshes of association, and, as a reward, participated in the spoils acquired through a series of games into which he had been allured through a progressive system of commingled duplicity and of flattery.

The gamesters of the Mississippi, watchful, unscrupulous and affiliated, oftentimes, however, encountered their match in the persons of contra-gamesters, who, well versed in the strategy of the profession, annihilated their schemes as by a supernatural application of deception as by a more thorough knowledge of the legerdemain whereby cards can be successfully manipulated in the hands of light fingered adepts. Several of these scourges of the gambling fraternity were western men, although originally from the eastern states, combining the reckless daring of the borderers with the calculating cunning of an itinerant trader. Invariably traveling alone, and in the guise of mercantile intermediaries between the producers in western stock and its purchasers in the New Orleans market, the contra-gamester disarmed suspicion of his true character, and, through suffering himself to fall into the meshes spread for the unwary, to whom he bore a counterfeited resemblance, further convinced his tempters as to the innocence of his gambling propensities, and the ease with which he would fall a victim to their studied charlatanery. And when at last the would-be dupers found themselves duped, their mortification was almost always heightened should they venture upon a passage at arms, as a prelude to a free fight, wherein the western adventurer was certain to come off first best, inasmuch as his financial success was sure to enlist the sympathy and physical support of a majority of his fellow passengers, among whom professional gamblers were held in decided and vindictive detestation.

One of these counter-gamesters was a well known and eccentric citizen of Indiana, whose name had become a household word among the denizens of the west, as well from the personal popularity of the man, and his acknowledged good humor, as from the multiplicity of employments in which he had successively indulged during his sojourn among them. Sam Ile——, a fellow of consummate versatility, who had alternated as a commission merchant, hotel proprietor, store keeper, comic actor, bookseller, and finally circus clown, was a frequent voyager upon the Mississippi, by virtue of his numerous avocations, and, having covertly studied the characters of the gaming fraternity, and mastered the various tricks of their trade, more than once turned his newly acquired knowledge to a profitable account.

"Stranger, what's the price of lard in Cincinnati, say?" enquired a rudely costumed individual of Sam, as he was imbibing a tolerably stiff horn of Bourbon at the bar of a crack river boat, on his way up from the Crescent City at the close of a professional tour.

"I ain't in that line, squire," rejoined Sam, casting a scrutinizing glance upon the individual accosting him, whom, despite his rugged habiliments, he recognized as a well known touter for a gaming school, "I'm in the wheat business, I am."

"Any luck at Orleans?" inquired the interloper in an off hand style.

"I should say so," replied Sam, in a deliberate tone, "never knew what it was to sell right off afore I went below. I can tell you."

"Sold for cash, eh?" remarked the gambler, carelessly.

"Reckon I did," responded Sam confidentially, "and I tell you, Mister, the're the softest specus down there at a sharp bargain you ever heard tell on."

"You don't say?" interposed the stranger, smiling inwardly at the excessively verdant manner of his new acquaintance, and gratified at the discovery of his being gifted with a supply of ready money. So to cement their new found friendship the man invited Sam to indulge in a repetition of his first order at the bar, an act of courtesy the ex-clown by no means refused, for Sam, like most Indianians, was no stranger to the fumes of Old Rye, which, to tell the truth, rather improved his visual powers than impaired his moral faculties.

Sam, fully aware as to the true character of the traveler, anticipated at once the motives of his attention, so, far from avoiding his importunities, he received them with such a grotesque comicality and affected boorishness as to convince the speculative gamester that he, in reality, had captured a flat of the most egregious quality. Finally, as the shades of evening had begun to fall, and time hung heavy upon the shoulders of the wayfarers, the agreeable stranger invited Sam to his state room just to empty a bottle with a friend or two.

In the state room Sam discovered two other individuals, the one flashily attired as a presumptive man of fashion, the other in the garb of a southern planter. The keen eye of the practical Indianian glanced upon both, and, after a moment's hesitation, he recognized them as a couple of sharpers he had once before encountered upon a river passage. The whiskey bottle was speedily produced, and shortly afterwards a pack of cards made their appearance.

"Suppose we kill time," suggested the planter, taking up the deck and shuffling the cards listlessly. "Say, squire, what do you play?"

"Jew's harp and sometimes fiddle," responded Sam, with one of those peculiar semi-idiotic grins with which it was his wont to terminate a hackneyed joke in his sawdust performance.

"No, I mean with the cards," quoth the planter, laughing heartily at the apparent stupidity of Sam's response, as both his companions joined with an evident and significant gusto in the ebullition of mirth while interchanging glances; "have you ever seen cards afore?"

"Yes," responded Sam, contemplatively, as he took up the pack and examined their faces and backs with an air of perplexity, "yes, I reckon I've seen something of that 'ere kind when I was a plough hand up at Uncle 'Zekiah's; he used to toss 'em about 'mazingly."

"Well, what game did he use to play, squire?" said the flashily-dressed individual, as he added "perhaps you can teach it to us."

"I don't exactly reckon I can," replied the circus man, scratching his head as if in search of an idea; "'twas something about a high and a jack and a game, that's about all I can recollect on."

"Oh! seven up," ejaculated the planter, disdainfully. "Well, then, suppose we try a hand or two just for the fun of the thing, squire?"

In vain did the diffident Indianian protest his want of knowledge of the proposed entertainment; in vain he urged some conscientious scruples against handling cards; his new friends overruled all objections, and finally induced him to take a hand, with the addition of planting down a dollar first to make the thing interesting, while the neophyte learned the mysteries of the game.

Three or four hands passed around, Sam playing, or rather misplaying, with bewildering stupidity, until, finally, having penetrated the scheme of the sharpers, Sam boldly avowed that he had got the hang of the thing, and somewhat astonished the party by raising the stakes to a V at each corner. Although our friend held winning cards, he found it politic to lose a few points, an operation he accompanied with an anathema upon his own stupidity. As a matter of course he forfeited small sums, but noticed, that upon every hand his antagonist made a point by playing Jack, which seemed always to come to his share.

"I say, mister," quoth Sam, in evident trepidation and excitement, "I've just got one hundred dollars, clean new bills; suppose we make one small dash and play who wins once for all." And with these words the Indianian, apparently fascinated with the speculation, drew out a pile of bills, counted a hundred and placed them beneath the candlestick on the state room table.

"Done!" said the flashily dressed gamester, decidedly overjoyed at this unexpected proposition, as he covered the tempting pile. The gambler played cautiously, and manipulated the cards with address. Yet, whenever he was upon the point of securing an unfair advantage the keen eye of Sam fell upon him and at once checked his endeavors to avail himself of those tricks known to his profession. The game ran even for a time, until, when it came to Sam's turn to deal, both having but one to make, the Indianian slowly distributed the cards and turning up the trump, said, deliberately:—

"Jack! I reckon that ere pile's mine!" and without further ado his brawny hand swept off the money into his own possession.

"That be d—d!" shouted the gamester in agony of vexation, "it's cursed strange, but that one jack seems to be the only one in the pack. It's damnable strange, that I tell you." And the gambler arose from his chair, with every symptom of inaugurating a fight, as he advanced threateningly towards his antagonist.

"It's cursed strange, you think so?" interposed Sam, as he arose likewise from his seat, and spoke in a tone of ironical deliberation, "well, I don't, by a long shot, for you see there's four jacks in a pack, aint they? Now, then, where are they? Why you've got one up your cut sleeve, I've got two in my boot leg, and the last turned up trump on the table. It taint strange, I tell you."

The gambling company were taken all aback, for they at once discovered that instead of capturing a flat they had caught a Tartar, against whom neither threats nor violence would prove of the least avail, particularly as Sam, buttoning up his coat, in the side pocket of which he had secured his earnings, advanced to the saloon door and disclosed his popular identity to the few loiterers ... ing around the cabin, by the pronouncial enculation of "here I am again, come along the whole of you."

It was not very frequently that the river sharpers encountered a traveler of Sam's shrewdness and address, with determination and nerve to carry out a spoliatory project; on the contrary, judges of human nature and well posted by subordinates as to the business and persons of wayfarers, the gamesters overawed and terrified victims, robbed through their machinations and frauds, by assuming the indignant bluster of injured innocence, personating, as they usually did, the flower of fire eating chivalry.

My friend Col. Bill had served in the Mexican war, and upon being relieved of his command, resolved upon improving the opportunity of being left down south by an agreeable tour through the western States and a transit over the waters of the Mississippi. On the strength of his back pay the Colonel borrowed a thousand dollars of a mercantile friend, who was likewise well-known to the sporting world in the southwest, and departed from New Orleans on board of a floating palace, promising to return about the same season of the next year. Judge, then, of the surprise of his mercantile creditor when the Colonel reappeared in his counting-room, after the lapse of a few days, the very picture of disconsolation, and somewhat nervously suggested the propriety of a fresh loan to carry him to his intended northern destination.

"Why," inquired the man of fact trader, in undisguised astonishment, as well at the sudden reappearance of his visitor and the financial nature of his errand, "you don't mean to say that you have made way with a cool thousand in this time?"

"It's a stubborn fact, my boy," and the Colonel blushed deeply.

"You've haven't been robbed?" inquired the merchant, testily.

"Not exactly," responded the disbanded volunteer, deliberately.

"Then you lost it by accident?" rejoined the trader sympathetically.

"Not that I know of," resumed the Colonel, after a pause.

"What in the name of thunder did you do with it then?" demanded the man of commerce, at a loss to comprehend the tenor of his friend's remarks, and annoyed at his apparent equivocation, speaking as he did in a species of enigmatical slang.

"Why, the fact is," quoth the Colonel, mustering up courage adequate to the task of an open confession, "I never traveled on the Mississippi before, and don't know much about cards."

"Then you gambled it away," interrupted the merchant.

"I say, Jones," interposed the soldier in a tone of modest rebuke, "don't use that word, I beg of you; it don't sound altogether right to the unaccustomed ear, besides you know that sort of amusement ain't allowed by the army regulations—not at all."

"Well, then," replied the trader, suggestively, after a second or so of meditation, "you invested your floating capital in a speculation as to the rise and fall of cotton value, and now find your profits charged to loss, and nothing placed to credit, eh?"

"Something of that kind," muttered the Colonel, disconsolately.

"Then, out with the thing, and let's know how it happened," said the trader, disguising a smile, for, enlightened by his own personal experience in river travel, he arrived at a sage conclusion that his verdant friend had, like the certain good man in the Scriptures, journeying from Jericho to Jerusalem, fallen into the hands of thieves, employing the improved method of card playing for the utter spoliation of their unsuspicious captive.

That evening, seated at the mahogany of the New Orleans trader, the Colonel, whose lips, moistened by the application of generous wine, relaxed from previous reticence, communicated the particulars of his card adventure, the substance of which can be condensed into a briefer space than that covered by the narrator in his disjointed elucidation of the event.

It appeared that no sooner had the steamboat upon which the person of Colonel Bill and his luggage—a regulation army trunk, duly emblazoned with his title and regimental number—had been deposited, reached a point a few miles up the river, than that military worthy found himself a subject of interest with a couple of fellow-passengers, chancing to lounge on the hurricane deck.

"Bless my soul, Colonel, safe from the war!" quoth a middle-aged individual, with a broad-brimmed hat and a coat of mixed material, clasping him by the hand with an earnest heartiness; "how glad I am to see you—I know you like a book."

The Colonel was too much of a gentleman to refuse the proffered salutation, but something the features of his new friend, he appeared to be at a loss to recognize the face of a previous acquaintance.

"Don't know me, eh?" suggested the stranger, "might be, but I know you, Col. Bill, and talked about you many a time with my friend General so and so, and now you recollect me, don't you?"

A vague suspicion entered the Colonel's brain that he might have encountered the stranger somewhere, particularly as General so and so happened to be one of the most popular officers from the Southern States, and enjoying the confidence of the landed chivalry.

"Says the General to me, says he," resumed the traveler, warmly, "that Colonel Bill is the bravest man in our entire army, and that's how I come to recollect you. Don't you remember me now?"

It must be frankly admitted that Col. Bill was afflicted, in common with the rest of martial humanity, with a considerable amount of weakness as regards personal vanity, hence, flattered as he was by this public declaration of the General's opinion of his military merits, he was not long in convincing himself that his new acquaintance must have been an intimate friend of his commanding officer to have been made the repository of that distinguished personage's private opinion as to his military merits. And this opinion was strongly corroborated by a reflection of the gallant Colonel as to the impossibility of the strange gentleman obtaining knowledge of his rank and name from any other source, omitting, however, to remember that both these facts were legibly set forth on the side of his army trunk.

"Well," said Col. Bill to his New Orleans entertainer, "that man, who said he was a planter somewhere in the upper parishes of Louisiana, would not leave me until I promised to stop and spend a week with him on his place. Then he introduced me to his friends, royal fellows every one of them, and when it came on towards midnight, the old fellow, who said he could not sleep for the wheezing of the engines, suggested that we should drop in upon a party who were playing a friendly game of Brag, just for excitement sake."

"Did the old fellow play?" inquired the merchant, with a smile.

"Not by a long shot," replied the Colonel, "but as I didn't understand the game, he explained me the whole matter. He was thoroughly posted, I tell you; so much so, that when one of the party was taken sick—too much commissary on the brain—he offered to take his hand and go on, but they would not let him, he knew too much."

"That was bad," remarked the merchant, "and that broke up the game of course, for your friend must have been a terrible player."

"So he was," rejoined Bill, "and he got quite mad at being kept out, and so to keep the game a going, they suggested that I should take a hand in. I wouldn't at first, for I didn't understand the thing, but then they consented that the old fellow should give me a little advice now and then, and I went in upon my luck."

"Well, then you won, with the old fellow's assistance?" observed the merchant, who, in younger days, had been an adept at Brag.

"Not altogether," responded the Colonel, seriously, "but it warnt the old fellow's fault. I didn't win; it was my confounded luck when I had a fair chance with a good hand and a handsome pile to rake down, for you see I got interested in the game after a while, or rather the old fellow did, and to please him I went better and called, just according to his view of the hand."

"But how came you to lose, Col.?" inquired the merchant, nervously.

"Don't be impatient and I'll tell you," rejoined our hero. "You see I kept passing until I got four knaves, and all backed down but one fellow, who bucked against me. Old plantation told me to go a small pile, and I went fifty dollars and called."

"You beat as a matter of course!" interposed the trader.

"No, I didn't," replied the Colonel, in a tone of resignation, "the fellow showed four queens, and of course I went under. Well, I kept on passing, until I held the four queens, and then I raised the stakes better and better, till one of them called at fifty."

"Did you lose then?" suggested his entertainer.

"Yes I did," replied the neophyte, "for hang me if the chap didn't show the four kings. I wasn't disheartened at that run of bad luck, nor old plantation either, so I kept on until I had the four kings, when we raised the pile to a couple of hundred."

"The kings won, didn't they?" inquired the trader, earnestly.

"No, they didn't," said the military genius, solemnly; "one of the other fellows had the four aces. Then plantation said that luck would change, sure, so we laid low, and after a few deals what should turn up in my hand but the four aces."

"You went high on that, didn't you?" quoth the merchant, excitedly.

"To be sure I did," replied the colonel; "old plantation told me now or never, and I went my entire pile, every red cent."

"And you raked them down as a matter of coure," interrupted his New Orleans friend in the gleefullest of manners.

"No, I didn't," responded the hero, abstractedly.

"Why not?" inquired the merchant incredulously.

"Because the other chap held better cards."

"Better than four aces?" quoth the trader, in astonishment, as he moved about nervously in his chair. "What in thunder could he have?"

"Why, five nine of diamonds, to be sure."

"Five nine of diamonds!" ejaculated the merchant, almost horror stricken at this astounding disclosure, "why, there's only one nine of diamonds in the entire pack!"

"No more there aint," observed the Colonel, after a few minutes employed in mental calculation, "but I didn't think of that then."

"And what in the name of heavens did old plantation say?" inquired the Colonel's friend in a quizzical manner.

"Colonel Bill, says he," responded the Colonel, deliberatively, "you may be the bravest man in the army, but you are the d——dest, unluckiest cuss that ever touched a hand at Brag or Poker, and if you take my advice, you'd cut cards once and forever. And he was so mad that he went ashore at the first landing, and that's the last I saw of him."

KEEPING UP AN INCOGNITO.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I have two predominant characteristics; a passion for romantic adventure is one, and a predilection for dabbling in speculations is another. Of course—as you may have divined—my name is Smith. It wouldn't be me if it wasn't. And whenever an ill mannered person twits me with it, all I have to do is to remind him that the greatest warriors and philosophers the world ever saw have boasted that time honored cognomen. It was a purely unpremeditated taste with him, for, in his earlier years, he had not devoted much time to that pursuit, beyond the reading of a few standard volumes, such as "Old Mother Hubbard," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Jack the Giant Killer," etc. It was he, Snagsby, who, after he had read in his library for some months, and became thoroughly impressed with the delights and advantages of knowledge, suggested that we, the people of Bungtown, ought to have a lyceum. The idea struck everybody forcibly and favorably, and we forthwith had one.

And, come to think, why shouldn't we have had one? We had about everything a well-regulated town could have but a lyceum. We had two churches, one of strictest orthodoxy, the other radical Unitarian; a school house, where children, without regard to theological, political or social opinions, of both sexes, and even of all colors, were indiscriminately drunkard proof. In the front. Seeing one day in the papers an advertisement of an eligible property for sale, which was described as possessing all these attributes, I made tracks for the locality in question, found that it was all it was required to be, bought it and paid for it, and, having sent on my trunks ahead, made my final departure to take possession and enter at once upon the enticing duties of (as I hoped) a ... ous "hotel keep." It was balmy April, and all the bright future looked *couleur de rose* (egad, it *was* "cooler" before I got through with it) as I crowded into a seat in one of my friend Fisk's patent cars, on the New York and Erie. I had purchased a volume and was deep in the cool retreats of "Warwick Woodlands," when I became conscious of a rustle of muslin, an odor of perfume and a faintly heaved sigh at my side.

I turned and looked. A lady, young and preposscessing tastily clad in a traveling suit, had dropped into the vacant seat next me as lightly as a snow flake, and was absorbed in a pamphlet, in which with a gold pencil and the smallest of dainty, gloved hands she from time to time made annotations. With all the cavalier welling up in my nature, I immediately rose and invited her to the preferable seat next the window. She at once accepted, bent upon me an ardent glance from two eloquent, hazel eyes, and—sighed again. Smith, you rascal, (thought I) you've been at it again, have you? Here's an innocent woman to whom you have never addressed five words in your life, and already—"take care, Bub!"

I was agreeably ingratiated, for I flatter myself that I have the looks of a gentleman, and we were soon on conversing terms. I unfolded my business, my prospects, in short, my entire history, and was rewarded with similar confidence in return. She was a divorced widow (in the California sense), and was proceeding to a point on the line to rejoin her husband, whom she had supposed dead and buried, whom she had not seen since the morn of their bridal year, and who had unexpectedly written her of his preaching a return, and his desire for a reconciliation. And again that tender, inquiring look—again that sigh! We arrived in due time at a prominent point on the route where we were both to debark, and I thought to myself, if there was ever a woman on earth to make a man happy and assist him to steer a hotel, that paragon is here! The divinity was alone, and it was no more than civil that I should escort her to a safe haven, which offer she accepted with thanks. We had entered the drawing room, which proved to be unoccupied—which is not always the case, I hope, with hotel drawing rooms.

"And now, my dear madam," I said, as I assisted her to unshawl (for if she could not be mine, she might, at least, be a future customer), "if not considered presuming, might I ask the name?"

"Oh, William!" she answered abruptly, turning upon me her eyes, which were swimming in gravy—I should say tears—"is it possible I can have so altered that you do not remember me?"

A sudden thought flashed upon me; she had already spoken of my striking resemblance to her husband, and the secret of those looks of ardent inquiry was unfolded. I determined to humor the joke, incited to it by my familiar demon, doubtless, and so rejoined theatrically, "What can it be you mean?"

"Your wife!" she ejaculated, and sank swooning in my opened arms, the prettiest mess of feminine loveliness they had ever enfolded; and by that token placing *myself* in the "prettiest mess" I had ever been in in my life. Venus, Juno and Vesta! what a thrill passed over my frame as I embraced her!

"Order dinner for two," I said, waving my hand to a waiter who had entered. And then I proceeded to the office, to enter our names, and to arrange with the clerk. That dinner was the happiest affair of my life. We were in ecstacies with each other, for *I* had forgiven everything and *she* had forgiven everything, and I had expressed my delight to hear how Aunt Jemima had been married to the Hon. Mr. Funinton, and how cousin Julia had eloped with young Agitops of the Fusiliers, and how I had been elected an alderman, and was presiding officer of the con-fusiliers, and Billy was quite a man now, and Tommy was on the high road to fortune, when I received a message from the clerk, and a horrid thought struck me. We had been informed that our apartment was ready for inspection as soon as we desired, and the waiter (looking to his "quarters," I suppose, as he indicated ours), whispered with a peculiar smile behind his hand:—"They have given you the bridal chamber, sir." I rewarded him with a half, in stamps, out of my pocket.

I have read, and I trust, with complacency, Bryant's noble poem, commencing:

"Come to the bridal chamber, Death!"

But when that waiter said:—"Come to the bridal chamber, *Smith*," I felt an indefinable tremor come over *me*.

Now was it the correct thing in me? Wasn't it, in fact, atrocious to take another man's name, to inveigle the wife of his affections, to poach, as it were, on his manor; in——fact. I had worked myself up into a fit of virtuous indignation, and resolved to do her justice come what might.

"Here is our apartment, my dear; you will find it all right," I said, as I waved her into that privileged bower of bliss. "I a——I am going in to the reading room to smoke a cigar, and will shortly rejoin you." I noticed that ... gave me a look of surprise, but she ... and a tender kiss, and saying—"... love!" the door closed upon us.

I felt somewhat more like a man, and heaved a deep sigh of relief as I entered the taproom, where I discovered good company, and where—I know you won't believe me, but upon my soul it's true—I passed a jolly night.

The prospect of a matrimonial fiasco was not encouraging, any more than was that of an introduction to a family of fifty or sixty persons, more or less, who, I began to have reason to suspect, might be "poor relations." I encountered a storm of looks and reproaches just as I was endeavoring to get away without attracting attention, having settled the bill. Beauty when disguised by passion is only repulsive, but beauty in tears—where lives the man that can withstand it? I am ashamed to say that I took that beauteous form again to my arms and (being forgiven) departed with it that day for a point farther westward, determined to make it all right with the least delay possible. By this time my fair burthen had wound herself about me as the vine winds for tendrils about the oak, and if she had told me to take a carving knive and cut myself off, I believe I should have done it. My Delilah, if I may use the word, had me now completely in her power, but I can't say that the captivity was disagreeable, for my chains, if chains they were, were gracefully covered with roses. A venerable "friar of orders gray" was duly sent for, that my ardor and that of my charmer might suffer no abatement," Soon I forgot all about the affair in the fascination. My distinguished appearance, I thought; and I fancied I could hear people whispering, one to the other:—"What a fine looking couple!" "Happy fellow, how I envy him!" At the end of the first day's stage from our Gretna Green, another man of distinguished appearance met me at the cars as we emerged, and ventured the information that it was "fine weather for traveling." I had heard the remark before, but I replied that I agreed with him.

"Mr. Smith, of New York, I believe?"

"You can take bets on it," I rejoined in the same manner, but never was confidence more mistaken, for the rascal proved to be a sheriff's officer, and popped into my hand a warrant of arrest as a bigamist. In vain I sought to explain to him that I was not that Smith, but another Smith who looked like him. He escorted me to the hotel, my companion following, like Niobe, all tears. At the hotel steps another gentleman came up, and said, with less politeness, "You're just the very man I've been looking for," and proceeded to arrest me on a charge of false pretences, at the same time showing a placard offering a reward for my arrest. He scouted the idea of my being "Smith of the Lake House" as preposterous, asserting that Smith was already at the lake, and had treated him royally, at the same time bearing testimony to the excellence of his *cuisine*.

I was really beginning to be alarmed. If I was not the "Original Jacobs," *who was?* Somebody else had evidently usurped my functions. With great difficulty I succeeded in establishing my identity, and we hurried on to our destination without further billing and cooing. When I reached my hotel I found it wasn't mine but somebody's else. "Perfidious wretch!" exclaimed my companion, and straightway vanished on seeing over the doorway, in large letters, the sign of "John Jenks." The mystery was a mystery no longer. "That other Smith," my namesake, whom I so unfortunately resembled, and whose deserted wife had nearly become mine by succession, had gone on ahead of me a week in advance, and for that space had been living at the Lake House (that enchanted retreat on the Lake of Como which I had pictured to her dazzled imagination), the life of a nabob, being cordially welcomed as its proprietor, and after doing a rushing business and treating himself and friends to my choicest wines and *liqueurs*, had capped the climax by selling house and furniture for cash to the John Jenks aforesaid. I, of course, experienced no difficulty in recovering possession of my vested rights, but the "satisfaction" I had promised myself was not forthcoming. My duplicate had escaped to parts unknown. I have never seen him since.

BOB O' GOTHAM.

☞ Holloway's Ointment relieves and soothes the severest pain of Gout and Rheumatism; every vestige of inflammation is removed within a few hours of the first application.

"DUM SPIRO SPERO."*

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY THE LATE ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

Hope on, oh heart! though friends forsake,
  Though Slander hurl her dart,
Do thou a firmer purpose take
  To keep thee pure, my heart.

Dark Calumny and Envy dare
  Assail with Upas tongue,
But Innocence is strong to bear
  The weight against it flung.

Through pain and penury, toil and care,
  Bear up, my heart, 'gainst dark despair;
And in thy Faith, through every ill,
  Learn thou to "suffer and be still!"

Hope on! it is not *always* night—
  The morn *must* break at last,
When thou shalt hail as clear a light
  As o'er thy youth was cast.

Thou hast the *promise* still—oh, then,
  Poor wronged heart hope on!
And for the sake of what *hath* been
  Thy *rest* shall yet be won.

Though clouds are dark above my head,
  Drear disappointment round me spread,
But Truth's undimmed within my breast,
  I'll bear on—leave to God the rest!

*This was written by the late Adah Isaacs Menken on her first visit to New York, several years ago, expressly for the CLIPPER, but it was mislaid at the time, and our impression is that it was never published. We came across it a few days since while overhauling some old MSS.—ED. CLIPPER.

THE "BUNGTOWN LYCEUM."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GEORGE MANSON.

It was Snagsby who suggested that we should have a lyceum in Bungtown—Henry Elkington Snagsby. Perhaps you know him?

Snagsby was a retired merchant and had made his money out of the cork business. Though he once dealt with a very light article the people called him a "heavy man." He had bought himself a fine library and spent much of his time in reading. It was a purely unpremeditated taste with him, for, in his earlier years, he had not devoted much time to that pursuit, beyond the reading of a few standard volumes, such as "Old Mother Hubbard," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Jack the Giant Killer," etc. It was he, Snagsby, who, after he had read in his library for some months, and became thoroughly impressed with the delights and advantages of knowledge, suggested that we, the people of Bungtown, ought to have a lyceum. The idea struck everybody forcibly and favorably, and we forthwith had one.

And, come to think, why shouldn't we have had one? We had about everything a well-regulated town could have but a lyceum. We had two churches, one of strictest orthodoxy, the other radical Unitarian; a school house, where children, without regard to theological, political or social opinions, of both sexes, and even of all colors, were indiscriminately drunkard proof. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant had served as "a warning example of the evils of intemperance" for twenty-two temperance lecturers; a wickedest man whom both preachers agreed to pray for (about the only thing they did agree in); a belle of Bungtown, who delighted the young men and made the young ladies jealous. We had a sewing circle, private theatricals, a "bloated aristocrat," a man who took the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a great many who took other publications, but with all these living phenomenas we hadn't a Lyceum. And so the upshot of it was we set about having one.

There was, of course, a town hall; it was the only hall in the place. Being the best hall that could be had we held our meetings there. It was a cosmopolitan hall, and had been used for all sorts of purposes. Prayer meetings were held in it; concerts profane, and concerts of prayer; Henry Ward Beecher had lectured in it, also Artemus Ward; the Stereopticon and the Panorama of the Holy Land had been there one night, and Haverly's minstrel band the next; in it Mr. Barnum had exhibited Tom Thumb and the fat woman (who found considerable difficulty in getting in the door), and Rev. Josiah Dryedup had delivered his famous lecture entitled:—"A Brief Glance at the History of the World, from its Beginning to the Present Time." It was in this hall that we held the meetings of the "Bungtown Lyceum."

We had some trouble in getting a name, not being able to agree. My brother-in-law of the man who took the *Atlantic Monthly*, and who used to borrow it of him, wanted the name to be "The Society for Literary Advancement." A member of the Unitarian Church desired to call it "The Society of Progressive Minds." A member of the Orthodox Church thought "The Moral and Intellectual Improvement Association" would be better, while an old gentleman who had once belonged to the American Institute, and who read the *Tribune*, preferred the name of "The Scientific Club," but that was rejected almost instantly, on the ground of being too clamish or clownish, I forgot which it was. There were many other names suggested, but the discussion on the question finally ended in our agreeing on the name of the "Bungtown Lyceum," which name, I may remark, in an "aside," I favored from the first.

We, of course, had a library. Donations of books were asked of those who were known to be readers. Among the works contributed might be mentioned: "Patent Office Reports, 10 vols., 1849–1850;" "Transactions of the American Institute, 1842" (given us by the old member; it contained an address of his); "Peoples' Monthly, 1870" (contributed by a lady who had a poem in it); "The Golden Harp," a singing book, chiefly sacred music, given us by a music teacher, who boarded with us and took pupils in his classes in a few lessons; "O'Grady's Manifesto" (I don't know what he manifested); "New York Directory, 1853;" "Webster's Spelling Book" (kindly sent in by a little boy who had been promoted in school); "Baxter's Saint's Rest," undoubtedly a good book, but it has a longer rest than any other book in the library; a little girl showed her good will by giving us a copy of "Fifty Years in the Arctic Regions," by a retired missionary; author of "A Summer in the Wilderness;" "Annual Reports of Fights Society, 1831–33;" "How to Fly; or, The World with Wings" (very good, only it didn't contain "the latest results of science"—it was dated 1792).

We of course had lecturers, but we were not able to pay them anything. It was perfectly astonishing how many people there were ready to lecture for us, even at the low price we offered. I was secretary of the lecture committee, and had, on an average, large numbers of applications from persons who were desirous of lecturing. A college near by—up in Spookeyville—could (as one of its members told me) furnish us one hundred lecturers. A young woman connected with a "woman's rights" paper was anxious to speak for us and the "cause." A man wrote us all the way from San Francisco, saying he would gladly give us one or two lectures, only asking that his expenses be paid. We found the expenses would be about $2 00, and were obliged to decline his services, with thanks. There was a clergyman who had formerly been a chaplain in the army, who had some good lectures, so he wrote, and who lived about twenty miles off. He was somewhat sensational. The title of his lecture was "Life in the Hoe Cake Land." There seemed to be no objection to his coming, and I was on the eve of telling him to come when we inadvertently heard that the number of his lectures was twenty, "and all or none of them would have to be given or the connection would be lost." We reluctantly decided that we should have *to lose the connection*. One of our members thought we might get Mr. Beecher to give us a lecture *free*. This member, who by the way was a great donkey, said he "had influence with Beecher," and asked me to write to him. I did so. Mr. B. responded that he was very much engaged, and had to decline all invitations, very sorry, &c. It turned out that our member did'nt know him. He shook hands with him once after church, and lent him an umbrella, but further than that had never spoken or had anything to do with him.

But we had lecturers. The old member of the American Institute gave us a lecture—a very good one, or rather the first hour and a half of ... their couple of hours I had the misfortune to be ... Our audience often acted almost on the occasion of some of these lectures, especially in the matter of applause. They would persist in applauding at the wrong times. For instance, in the lecture of the old member of the American Institute, subject: "Fossils," it went somewhat in this way:—

"My friends, from the earliest time of inorganic life there have been fossils, and you can find them even at the present day." (Laughter; and a small boy was heard to remark: "Go it old fos.") "Should not these things," said the lecturer, after detailing several scientific wonders, "cause us to ponder, and think, and wonder, and——and ——study to find out these things which were so perplexing?" (Here the audience idiotically applauded. The lecturer had simply stopped a moment to get his breath. He got it and also a goodly amount of applause).

It was the same with all our lecturers. Our audience had no respect for persons or subjects. A clergyman once delivered a religious lecture before us and received "great applause" at inopportune times. They could not "see a joke" either. It was very much mortified when a friend of mine was persuaded (not by me, I swear) to give us a lecture. His lecture was of a humorous character, that is, to any one but such stupid people as the Bungtowners. He had got together some very good jokes, really first class jokes, taken from Sidney Smith, Dean Sw

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

What kind of tea do ladies prefer? *Beau Ne.*

What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

At what time was Adam married? Upon his wedding Eve.

When does a lawyer act falsely? When he makes an action lie.

What do travelers visit Egypt for? To peer amid the pyramids.

What fruit does a newly married couple mostly resemble? A green pear.

Who is the largest man? The lover—he is a man of tremendous sighs.

When does the rain become too familiar to a lady? When it begins to pat her (patter) on her back.

BREVITIES.

LONG DIVISION—A divorce.

AN ILLUSION—Bridal veils.

THE LAST RESORT—A graveyard.

MARINE SECURITY—The hold of a ship.

THE "TENDER" PASSION—An engine driver's.

CARPETS are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

SURE WAY TO TURN PEOPLE'S HEADS—Go late to church.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—Ten thousand a year and nothing to do.

DEEP is the joy of social silence when we speak not with the loved, but feel their presence.

THE poet sings of the deeds that shall be. He imagines the past; he forms the future.

WE must care for the children if we would control the future.

SLANDERERS are like flies that leap over all a man's good parts to light only upon his sores.

To work insatiably requires much less mind than to work judiciously.

VICE has no friend like the prejudices which call themselves virtue.

TRUE sensibility leads us to overcome our own feelings for the good of others.

TO MAKE moments hours, all that is necessary is to mix them with a little jealousy.

THE COST OF SIN.—Every sin buys pleasure at the price of peace.

LOVE the poor. Be great, and seek little things; don't be little and seek great things.

THOSE who blow the coals of others' strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their faces.

MORE pleasing than the dewdrops that sparkle upon roses are the tears that pity gathers upon the cheek of beauty.

LOOKING to others for our standard of happiness is the sure way to be miserable. Our business is with our own hearts and our own motives.

GREAT principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions and insights are needed.

REFLECTION is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance; reverie is the same flower when weak and running to seed.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

MISTRUST the man who finds everything good, the man who finds everything evil, and, still more, the man who is indifferent to everything.

THE greatest wisdom of speech is to know when, and what, and where to speak—the time, matter, manner. The next to it is silence.

QUITE correct, my dear; the natives of South Africa do not require clothes to keep them warm, because they are Hot-tentots, don't you see? The Cool-ies are a different sort of people altogether.

TWO CLASSES of people are always out of debt—those who never want to buy what they have not money in hand to pay for, and those who are such notorious rascals that they can't get trusted.

MERRY MOMENTS.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.—The "heart" is the best card in the chance game of matrimony—sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves, often won by tricks, and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

CRITICAL POLITENESS.—A young author reading a tragedy, perceived his auditor very often pull off his hat at the end of a line, and asked him the reason. "I cannot pass a very *old* acquaintance," replied the critic, "without that civility."

A POSER.—As a schoolmaster was employed the other day, in Scotland, in his delightful task of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on the slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor:—"Whaur diz a' the figures gang till when they're rubbit out?"

QUITE NATURAL.—"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant school. "*I have!*" shouted a six-year-old at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired the teacher, amused by his earnestness. "*On the elephant!*" was the reply.

HOW TO RECEIVE A PROPOSAL.—"You ought to take it kind, looking downhill, with an expreshun about half tickled and half scart. After the pop is over, if yure luvver wants tew kiss you, I don't think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind ov take its own course."

THE SOLEMNITIES CONTRASTED.—"Jeannie," said a Scotchman to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar, "Jeannie, it's a grave, solemn thing to get married." "I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it's a great deal solemner not to."

A FERTILE CAUSE OF DISASTER.—A railway accident lately occurred, caused by the axle of a tender giving way, detaining the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why it was so delayed. He gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

THE BEAUTIES OF EDITING.—An editor says, in a recent letter to a friend, "At present I am in the country, recovering from fourteen years' editorial life—bad eyes, crooked back, and broken nerves, with little to show for it." I think the three articles enumerated were quite enough to show for it.

A PUBLIC DANGER.—A glutton of a fellow, while dining at a hotel, in the course of the "battle with knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which, being observed by a stranger sitting near, he bawled out, "I say, friend, don't make that 'ar hole in your countenance any larger, or we shall all starve to death."

DEFINITION OF A BLUSH.—A writer gives the following clear and concise explanation of the phenomenon of a lady's blush:—"The mind communicates with the centre ganglion; the latter, by infiex action through the brain and facial nerve, with the organic nerves in the face, with which its branches mosculate."

AN AD INTERIM OPINION.—A physician, examining his student as to his progress, asked him:—"Should a man fall into a well forty feet deep and strike his head against one of the tools with which he has been digging, what would be your course, if called in as a surgeon?" The student replied:—"I should advise them to let the man lie, and fill up the well."

RED-TAPISM IN FRANCE.—A Paris letter states that a man going into a gallery lately was hailed by an official in a three cornered hat and blue coat, and told to "deposit his cane." "But, monsieur, I never carry a cane." "But deposit your cane, then, foolish one, and do not stop the others." "But I tell monsieur that I have no cane. My good grandfather had a——" "Go away with your good grandfather and deposit your cane." "But, Monsieur l'Employe, I do not number among my goods any cane whatever." "Then you can't come in. Here is the *consigne*—'Before entering he deposits a cane.'"

A GOOD HIT.—Two lawyers, one of whom had grey hair, and the other, though just as old a man as his learned friend, hair which looked suspiciously black, had some altercation about some question of practice, in which the gentleman with the dark hair remarked to his opponent, at the same time looking at the barrister's grey head, "A person of your age, sir, ought to have had long enough experience to know what is customary in such cases." "Yes, sir," was the reply, "you may stare at my grey hair if you like. My hair will be grey as long as I live, and yours will be black as long as you dye."

A CURIOUS SENTENCE.—The following curious sentence, *Sator arepo tevet opera rotas*, is not first class Latin, but may be freely translated:—"I cease from my work; the sower will wear away his wheels." It is, in fact, something like a nonsense verse, but has these peculiarities:—1. It spells backward and forward all the same. 2. Then the first letter of each word spells the first word. 3. Then all the second letters of each word spell the second word. 4. Then all the third; and so on through the fourth and fifth. 5. Then commencing with the last letter of each word spells the first word. 6. Then the next to the last of each word, and so on through.

SCENES AT WHITE PINE.—A citizen of San Francisco Cal., who had made a trip to points on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad and the White Pine regions, relates the following incidents:—"At one station the party halted for a square meal. There was a tent, and in it a huge kettle of coffee and a camp oven. After waiting a few minutes, the landlord came to the door and snapped out, "Room for four." Our informant went in with three other men, and they knelt around a flat box, which the hotel keeper had turned down on the ground. On the top were four basins of strong coffee, and by each dirty tin was a dirty black biscuit and an egg. The coffee and eggs were good, and the biscuits were good on the outside, that is, the eater had to choose between two evils—dirt over the top crust, dough under it. The loaf was like a cream cake, perfectly soft inside. The hungry men tore off the crust, and after blowing, scraping and rubbing it to remove the alluvial deposits, put it down with a gusto and torrents of strong coffee. The inside masses of dough were left by the side of each man's basin. When the men had finished their meal, and while they were yet kneeling, their host put his soot begrimmed and greasy hand over the box and spoke again, 'Four dollar.' He was paid. Plump went the silver into his pouchy pocket, and pop went the four masses of dough back into the oven. As soon as a new crust was baked over them, eggs cooked and the basins were refilled with coffee, four more hungry men knelt down, ate off the crust, rejected the rest of the dough for another baking, and paid their dollar each for the meal. It was calculated that one more stage load of customers would finish the biscuits and put the landlord to the trouble of kneading a new batch.

"At another place by the roadside the party saw a huge sign board up to the winds, and under it a tent. The chance for a meal, and our informant went to the door. Inside were the proprietor and a White Pine pilgrim. The latter asked the price of a meal and a bed. Frenchy said, '75 cents for grub and 50 cents for a couch;'—a board and blanket. The pilgrim was a desperate ruffian and infor. He went for his revolver, but he had no money to pay quick for him, and drawing his pistol he put it against the desperado's face, saying:—'If you come on I breaks your nose.' The gilgrim left in haste. At one point on the road the stage stopped for the night. The driver got into a tent, and had the benefit of a fire, but the passengers were obliged to sleep in the stage, and were nearly frozen. This style of accommodating travelers was found to be customary on that part of the road. At another station the party halted for rest and sleep, and got into a roomy, comfortable tent."

CHEQUERS.

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To Correspondents.

HUDSON, of Buffalo.—We have written to you twice. Have you received our letters?

L. H. MARSH, Franklin, Mass.—Those books will be in print soon. If you prefer the money refunded to waiting a few weeks, it is subject to your order.

D. S., Cambridge, Vt.—Not convenient to do so. Shall be pleased to examine positions and games from you.

Game No. I.—Vol. XVII.

Between Messrs. Fry and Greer.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Fry.	White. Greer.	Black. Fry.	White. Greer.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	11..2 to 7 (a)	24 to 19
2..15 22	25 18	12..15 24	28 19
3..8 11	29 25	13..14 17	15 8(b)
4..4 8	25 22	14..6 13	22 18
5..12 16	24 20	15..10 15(c)	19 10
6..10 15	21 17	16..7 14	18 9
7..8 12	17 13	17..3 7	27 24
8..7 10	27 24	18..17 22	26 17
9..9 14	13 9	19..13 22	24 19,
10..5 14	22 27	and wins.	

(a) This loses for Mr. Fry. (b) A fine "dodge." (c) To prolong a hopeless struggle.

Solution of Position No. 100.—Vol. XVI.

BY EDWARD.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..1 to 6	15 to 22	4..23 to 26	30 to 23
2..6 10	7 14	5..24 28, and wins.	
3..8 11	16 7		

Solution of Position No. 101.—Vol. XVI.

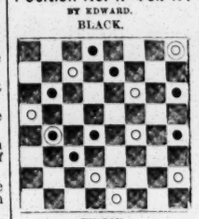
BY EDWARD.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..22 to 13	13 to 22	4..16 to 19	8 to 15
2..18 15	9 13	5..19 26, and "skunks."	
3..15 11	7 14		

Position No. 1.—Vol. 17.

BY EDWARD.

BLACK.



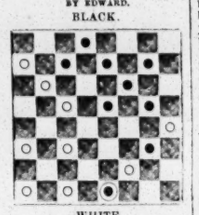
WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 2. Vol. 17.

BY EDWARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

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To Correspondents.

JOHN LEGGET, Carson City, Nevada.—Your 23-move solution of "Zatri" is creditable; but, as you have doubtless seen ere this, we have several considerably shorter. Can you give us some account of Chess in your remote region?

G. F. FULLER.—You have overlooked the fact that interposing P in Prob. 666 gives +, and defeats your attack. We still think the number of contingencies provided for in this Prob. quite meritorious for "a first performance." Thanks for your own composition.

JAY C. S., Evansville.—See ans. above.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—Good! Your solution of the conditional and additional stipulations shall appear, if possible, next week. We haven't had a Prob. from you since—well, the last one. Got a couple?

LOUIS DUBROC, Covington.—Your solution of Prob. No. 666 is correct; only we could have wished you had written out the several variations.

J. C. POPE.—Paper with Chess item received; thank you.

C. W. WHITMAN, Cincinnati.—Thank you for the emendation of the game; we hope soon to use it. So much for now; we shall soon reply at length by mail.

J. W. GLOVER.—Thanks for amended version, which shall have attention. If you really never saw the Prob. we cited, or anything like it but your own, we'll submit it. It is by some unknown East Indian.

WHITE.—King at Q Kt 8; Rook at Q 6; Bishop at K R 6; Knight at K Kt 7; Pawns at K B 6, and K Kt 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q sq; Bishop at Q 2; Pawn at K Kt 4th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

You will at once see the ground of our objection.

THEO. M. BROWN.—You have applied your mental turning lathe to the latest ed. of "Zatri" to some purpose. We wish to hold on to it a little to give the rest a chance.

PROBLEM GOURMANDS.—Well, what do you think of that 13-move suimate? Shall we illuminate? If any of you ever do solve it, Crooked Lake allows he's got another rod in pickle for you.

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XVIII.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

PROBLEM No. XLVI.

WHITE.—King at Q R sq; Queen at her B 5; Pawn at K 7th.

BLACK.—King at Q 2d.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Unsound.—As pointed out in the *Kingston Dem. Journal*, the solution may be begun in three ways. If, as it seems our author maintains, a problem having a solution of this nature be correct, he might have spared himself much needless trouble incurred in preventing similar objectionable features this would have otherwise occurred in other problems of this collection, either on the first move or at later stages of the solutions. The choice of key-moves may be prevented by adding a Black Pawn at Q R 7th. If this detract slightly from the beauty of the problem, other methods would readily suggest themselves for rendering the idea correctly. Loyd has succeeded in doing this in an elegant manner in No. 471, p. 141, "*Am. C. Nuts.*"

WHITE.—King at his 2; Queen at her 7; Pawn at K 7th.

BLACK.—King at his B 2d.

White mates in three moves.

PROBLEM No. L.

WHITE.—King at his 2; Rook at Q B 6; Bishop at K 5; Kt at K Kt 6; Pawn at K Kt 5th.

BLACK.—King at his 5; Pawns at Q 3, and K B 4th.

White mates in three moves.

Imperfect.—After the key, if Black 1..K × B; 2..K to his 3, P on; 3..R to K 6, *or* Kt to Q 3, *or* Kt to Kt 6, mate., (Var. A). If 1..P on; 2..R to K 6, P on; 3..B to B 7, *or* Q 6, *or* Q Kt 8, mate.

PROBLEM No. LI.

WHITE.—King at his Kt sq; Queen at K 3; Bishop at K R 6; Knight at Q 6; Pawns at Q R 4, and Q B 5th.

BLACK.—King at Q 4; Bishop at Q R sq.

White mates in three moves.

Imperfect.—If Black 1..K to B 3d, *the same position arises as in No.* 33, and consequently the same flaws exist. If Black 1..Bishop moves; 2..Q to K 4 +, K × P; 3..Kt to Q B 4, *or* Kt to Q B 8, mate.

PROBLEM No. LII.

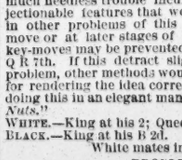
Compare No. 100 of "J. B.'s" Collection.

[Will our contributor favor us with a copy of this citation, as we unfortunately do not possess it?—ED. CLIP].

Enigma No. 670.

A competition in the Parisian *Concours de Problemes*.

H. GODECK.



White to play and give mate in three moves

Problem No. 670.

BY CHAS. PORTER.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Game No. 670.

Beautiful game between the distinguished Russ. M. Belaieff and Prof. Anderssen.—*Weekly Dispatch.*

Q. B. P.'S GAME, KT'S OPENING.

Attack. Belaieff.	Defence. Anderssen.	Attack. Belaieff.	Defence. Anderssen.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	16. Q Kt × Kt +	K B × Kt
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	17. Q-R 5 +	P-K Kt 3
3. P-Q B 3	P-K B 4	18. Kt × Kt P	R P × Kt
4. K B-Kt 5 (a)	B P × P	19. Q × Kt P +	K-B-B sq
5. R × Q Kt	Kt P × B (b)	20. Q B × B	Q-K sq +
6. K Kt × P	Kt-K B 3	21. Q × Q +	Q R × Q +
7. P-Q 4	Q B-R 3	22. K-Q 2	K R-kn 3
8. Q B-K 3	K B-K 2	23. Q R-Kt 5	K-K Kt 3
9. Q Kt-Q 2	Q B-Kt sq	24. Q 2d P × P	K-B 4
10. P-Q Kt 4	Q R-Kt 3	25. Q R-K sq	K R-Q 5
11. P-Q 5	R-Q Kt 4	26. R-K 8	K R-K 7 +
12. P-Q B 4	R × Kt P	27. Q R-Q sq	K-B 6
13. P-Q R 3	Q R-Kt 7	28. Q R-Q 3	P-Q 4
14. Q R-Q 4	Q R-Kt sq	29. R-Q sq	P-Q 5
15. Q Kt × P (c)	B 2d P × P	30. K-Q B sq	P-Q 6 (d).

and the Defence finally won the game.

(a) Not so good as P to Q 4th.

(b) It is considered stronger to retake with Q P.

(c) An ingenious combination, by which he regains the Pawn sacrificed.

(d) P to Q 7, A won the game, but we believe his antagonist should have drawn it from this point with correct play. Suppose:—

31..Q × R	Q R × R	33..K × R, and the Attack should
32..R-Q 2	Q R × R	draw, at least.

AQUATICS.

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SPORT ON THE WATERS.

Aquatics occupy the niche in the temple of popularity next below that of base ball, though the frequency of fouls, accidents (?) and suspected collusions, which for the past two years have characterized many important contests, have naturally lessened that interest formerly evinced by people of all stations in life in rowing contests upon our waters. We sincerely hope that the season now close at hand may witness a reaction in favor of honesty and fair dealing, particularly in championship matches, and restore to us the old order of things, when a bettor who lost his money felt satisfied that he did so because his man was inferior to his opponent, and there were no disagreeable after-claps. The oarsmen of the country, especially those of acknowledged excellence, owe it to themselves, as well as to the community at large, to frown down anything in the shape of fraud, and at all times row squarely upon their merits. A deviation from this course may prove of temporary pecuniary benefit, but he who pursues this mistaken policy will surely find himself ere long engulfed in the stormy waves of public distrust and indignation, excited by his misdeed. The handlers of the sprucers are rather backward this season in declaring themselves. As yet we have heard nothing from any quarter anent the championship, either single scull or four oared. It will be remembered that Walter Brown is the present incumbent of the former position, having won it very easily in a contest with Coulter on the Monongahela last year. He is, we understand, ready to entertain any challenge which may be sent him by whoever aspires to that title, and the only oarsmen who, we believe, contemplate joining issues with him, are James Hamill, ex-champion, and Henry Coulter, both of whom, we have learned from what we consider good authority, will make their re-appearance in the championale arena during the coming campaign. The former, within whose bosom the old love for the sculls is too strong to admit of his adhering to his expressed determination to retire forever from public competition, has been taking good care of himself during the past few weeks, and we shall doubtless soon receive a formal proposition from him in reference to the matter. The announcement repeatedly made that he and Brown had already completed arrangements for a race is not only incorrect but absurdly ridiculous, but that they will meet again this year we have every reason to believe. They are now on terms of friendship, having smothered the antagonistic feeling which formerly fired their bosoms, and we hope that their third meeting may not present a companion picture to those of Pittsburgh and Newburgh, but be devoid of all unfairness, and settle beyond the possibility of a doubt which of them is the superior oarsman. A contest of this kind between these men, above any other two in the country, would tend to fully restore public confidence, for it is a well known fact that the result of their past meetings caused much odium to be cast upon boating sport. We are pleased to state that there is also every probability that the season will be signalized by one, if not more, contests for the four-oared championship, as the Ward brothers are determined not to permit their conquerors of last fall—the Paris Crew, of St. John, N. B.—to wear their laurels without meeting them in another tilt upon the aqueous element. The Cornwall boys have been keeping their own counsel, but we learn from a reliable source that they are, and have been for sometime, making careful preparation for another trial with the provincial four, and this, too, with an encouraging prospect of success rewarding their exertions. An effort was made late last fall, in Pittsburgh, by the Hamills, to get together a four for the purpose of giving the St. John men a pull, but we understand the attempt was abandoned through lack of proper material for the formation of a four capable of coping successfully with such finished antagonists. It is not improbable, too, that the metropolis will produce a four this season, who will enter the champion course and endeavor to bring the laurels to this city, while a six-oared crew has been formed in Portland, which, it is confidently predicted by their friends, will "beat all creation." These prospective events, added to the annual regatta of Harvard and Yale (which will probably be transferred from Worcester to some point nearer New Haven this year), the Boston Fourth of July regatta, and those of the Hudson River and northwestern associations, together with other minor amateur jubilees and match races, give gratifying promise of a season which will, at least, compare favorably with any of the past.

Yachting is another aquatic species of pastime, confined mainly to those who have abundance of this world's goods, and leisure to correspond, but it has risen greatly in popular favor during the past couple of years, attributable to the events of import then decided. This fact is attested by the universal interest exhibited regarding the negotiations which have been pending for some months between Mr. Ashbury, owner of the British yacht Cambria, and Mr. Douglass, owner of the Sappho, James G. Bennett, jr., and other members of the New York Yacht Club, for a series of international contests, the most important of which will involve the possession of the Queen's Cup, won by the America in 1851, and which has ever since that time remained in the custody of the New York Club, the members of which will use every honorable exertion to retain a trophy so highly prized. Mr. Ashbury has announced that he is resolved to "sail the seas over" with his sailing craft, and conquer for it the Cup; so that it is next to a certainty that ere the year closes we shall witness an event upon which the attention of both countries will be centered, and which will far eclipse in importance anything which has for years transpired in the aquatic world.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

DETAILS OF THE CONTEST.

We have already given the result of the great boat race between the rival eight-oared crews of Oxford and Cambridge universities, as received by the cable, and we now present full particulars of the event, clipped from *Bell's Life*—a gratifying task, indeed, with its stereotyped accessories of a biting wind from S. E., and leaden skies, ushered in the eventful day; but towards noon the weather improved considerably, and by the time appointed for the start (3.30 P. M.) the wind, which had shifted a point further southward, had in a great measure subsided, and, notwithstanding the falling barometer and the doleful predictions of the weather-wise, the aspect of things looked decidedly brighter. The attendance, both ashore and afloat, was larger than usual, the tow-path presenting a serried line of spectators, extending the whole length of the course from Putney to Mortlake, every eminence and available coign of vantage that commanded a view of the river being occupied by dense masses of excited humanity. The river was crowded with craft of every conceivable character.

At a quarter to four o'clock precisely, Oxford put out from the London Boathouse, and, turning off at the Star and Garter, paddled to the starting post, where they took up their berth on the Middlesex side, Fortune having again—for the eighth time during the last nine years—befriended them with the choice of stations. Owing to the direction of the wind, however, the "toss" on this occasion was of comparatively small moment; indeed, we are by no means certain that the Surrey berth was not the more advantageous of the two. Cambridge made their appearance about five minutes later, and a burst of enthusiastic cheering from the spectate, whose sympathies seemed to be all in favor of the Light Blue, and the two crews at once proceeded to doff their jackets preparatory to the impending struggle. The following are the names and latest weights of the rival eights:—

Oxford.	st. lb.	Cambridge.	st. lb.
S. H. Woodhouse (Univ.)	11 13½	J. A. Roskon (Emmanuel)	11 7
R. Tahourdin (St. John's)	11 13	J. H. Rose (Caius)	11 7
T. S. Baker (Queen's)	12 12	J. W. Dale (St. John's)	11 12
F. Willan (Exeter)	12 4½	J. F. Young (Christ's)	12 8
J. C. Tarver (University)	12 4	F. W. Michael (Downing)	12 4
A. C. Yarborough (Lin'n)	12 0	W. H. Anderson (1st Trin.)	11 5
W. D. Benson (Balliol)	11 9	J. Still (Caius)	12 1
S. D. Darbishire (Balliol)	11 9	J. H. D. Goldiest, John's)	12 2
D. A. Bellars (St. Peter's)	11 11	H. E. Gordon (1st Trin.)	11 7

From the above it will be seen that the difference between the weights of the two crews is extremely slight, Oxford averaging just 1lb. per man, within a fraction, heavier than their opponents. The start took place from the sterns of skiffs, moored on this occasion on each side of a large lighter, on which Mr. Searle, who, as usual, officiated as starter, took up his position between the rival crews. Little time was cut to waste in settling the necessary preliminaries, both crews being evidently anxious to get to work, and punctually at 3:37:55 Mr. Searle, after having asked the "previous question" without receiving any response, gave the signal for

THE START,

And a roar from ten thousand throats announced that the University Race of 1869 had commenced. Contrary to the expectation of those who had witnessed the practice of the two crews, Oxford were the quicker in getting to work, their oars catching the water instantaneously, their opponents being, to all appearance, somewhat flurried, as though the signal had taken them by surprise. They recovered themselves, however, almost immediately, and dashing away with a lightning-like stroke, were level in less than 50 yards, and at once began to show in turn with a slight lead. Inch by inch they gradually, but perceptibly, drew the nose of their boat in front, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Oxford, led by five or six feet at Bishop's Creek, both boats taking a somewhat erratic course. At this stage of the race we timed Oxford to be rowing 39 strokes a minute to their opponents' 41. A splendid struggle ensued past the Willows, both crews straining every nerve for pride of place; but the Light Blues held their own gallantly, and notwithstanding that Oxford came up level more than once, the others, by dint of a succession of desperate bursts, each time drew away, and at the Point showed with a perceptible lead. Here Oxford seemed for a moment to pick up a trifle, but the coxswain hugging the Point too closely, took them out of the strength of the tide, whereby they again lost ground. At this stage of the race, owing to the frightful confusion caused by the steamboats, it was almost impossible to make out accurately the relative positions of the two boats, but as far as we could judge Oxford was a trifle in advance at the commencement of the shoot, but when they were fairly across the water the advantage appeared to be on the side of Cambridge, who certainly led just above the Soap Works Point. The latter were now rowing upwards of 40 strokes a minute, while their opponents scarcely ranged above 37; but in spite of this disparity, and some rather wild steering on the part of Mr. Nelson, the Dark Blues crept up inch by inch, and before Hammersmith Bridge was reached there was little to choose between the two boats, as far as we could see—albeit the occupants of the bridge declared that Cambridge shot the arch a few feet in advance. According to a previous arrangement both coxswains came out wide of the Hammersmith pier, with the noses of their boats edged out diagonally in the direction of Chiswick, which compelled Mr. Nelson to put the rudder on hard, in order to avoid a foul, whereby Oxford certainly lost ground. At this stage, however, the repeated bursts of Cambridge began to tell the inevitable tale—for though they stuck to their work with most indomitable pluck, and responded gallantly to the calls of their stroke, who rowed throughout like a machine, there was a palpable lack of power in the boat, and one or two of the crew began to exhibit unmistakable symptoms of distress, while their opponents to all appearance were as fresh as when they started, and rowing far better together than they did at the commencement of the contest. Passing the Doves the two were as nearly level as possible, Cambridge having, if anything, slightly the best of it; but the long Oxford "drag" was not to be shaken off, and inch by inch the Dark crept up, and fairly collared their opponents off Chiswick Mail. Going round the bend, Cambridge, favored by the Surrey shore—which, however, they hugged too closely—made a gallant effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day, but the Dark Blues were equal to the emergency, and spurting in turn, steadily, though almost imperceptibly, increased their lead, and at the bottom of the Eyot were half their own length to the good. Nearing the upper end of the Eyot they seemed for a moment to draw themselves clear, but another brilliant burst on the part of Cambridge protracted the agony, and off Chiswick Church the nose of their boat was level with Mr. Darbishire's rowlock. It was, however, a last expiring effort, for as the spurt died away Oxford seemed to shoot out, and, drawing themselves clear in half a dozen strokes, led at the Bathing Place by at least a length and a half. From this point it was evident that, bar accident, all was over, for, though Cambridge struggled on in the most determined manner for the rest of the distance, they gradually fell further astern with every stroke, and were palpably beaten. Between the Creek and the Bull's Head Oxford added upwards of another length to their lead, shooting the Railway Bridge in 17m. 54s. from the start, about two lengths and a half in advance of their opponents, and ultimately winning by nearly five lengths. Time by Hancock's chronometer, 20m. 20s. The betting at the start ranged between 3 to 1 on Oxford, and just before the commencement of the race we understand that as much as 4 to 1 was laid more than once. [The *Sporting Life* states that the time by Benson's chronograph was 20m. 68s., the fastest time ever made over that course.—ED. CLIPPER.]

With regard to the race there can be but one opinion—it was one of the finest and best contested struggles ever witnessed on the Thames, and both winners and losers have equal reason to be proud of the part they took in a contest wherein defeat was barely distinguishable from victory. We must confess we were scarcely prepared for so close and severe a contest on the part of Cambridge, more particularly under the unfortunate circumstances which deprived them of the services of their No. 7 at the eleventh hour. But for this unhappy *contretemps* it is possible that the result might have been different, for, though too high praise cannot be awarded to Mr. Still, both for his promptitude and self-sacrifice in coming forward to fill the vacant thwart in the emergency, as well as for the indomitable pluck he displayed throughout the whole race—about as trying an ordeal as could well be imagined for a man who had scarcely handled an oar for a twelvemonth—it is, nevertheless, impossible to ignore the important difference one untrained man, more particularly when occupying such a responsible place as No. 7, must necessarily have made in an eight over a four and a half mile course. It was altogether a most unfortunate circumstance, and detracted in no slight degree from the interest of one of the best contested races ever witnessed since the two 'Varsities first met on the Thames. We have in our time assisted at a goodly number of University matches, but such a frightful and dangerous scramble as that which ensued among the steamboats immediately after the start it has never been our lot to witness, and we are not anxious for a repetition of the spectacle. In the course of the *melee*—for there really is no other term for it—the steamtug Swan ran right into one of the paddle boats, and getting jammed fast under her sponson, all but heeled over, the force of the concussion throwing several of her passengers into the water. She was righted with great difficulty, and ran ashore, where she immediately took fire. It was stated at the time that all the passengers on board were rescued, but we regret to learn that this was not the case, one of the number—a Mr. Gibbs—having unfortunately been drowned.

UNIVERSITY MATCHES FROM THEIR COMMENCEMENT.

Yr.	Place.	Winner.	Time.	Weight.
1829	Henley, 4m. 2fur	Oxford	14min. 3 sec.	many lights
1836	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	6min	1min
1839	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	51min	1min 45sec
1840	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	20min. 30sec.	¾ds of a lth
1841	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	22min. 30sec.	1min 15sec
1842	Westminster to Putney	Oxford	20min. 48sec.	15sec
1845	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	21min. 35sec.	50sec
1846*	Mortlake to Putney	Cambridge	21min. 5sec	two lengths
1849	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	22min	many lgths
1849	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	foul	foul
1852	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21min. 56sec.	27 sec
1854	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	23min. 29sec.	11 strokes
1856	Mortlake to Putney	Cambridge	22min. 53sec.	1min & a length
1857	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	22min. 53sec.	33sec
1858	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	21min. 25sec.	22sec
1859	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	24min. 3sec.	Camb. sank
1860	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	20min. 6sec.	one length
1861	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	23min. 27sec.	46sec
1862	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	24min. 40sec.	53sec
1863	Mortlake to Putney	Oxford	23min. 3sec.	42sec
1864	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21min. 48sec.	13sec
1865	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21min. 22sec.	Dead Heat
1866	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	22min. 48sec.	15sec
1867	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21min. 22sec.	half a length
1868	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	20min.	six lengths
1869	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	20min. 20sec.	five lengths

In addition to the above, the Universities have contended together five times for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley Regatta, on which occasions Oxford have been three times victors, viz.:—In 1847, 1851, and 1857, and Cambridge twice, viz.:—In 1845 and 1865, and Oxford beat Cambridge at the Royal Thames Regatta in 1844.

*The first University race rowed in outriggers.

*The first race in which either University rowed in the present style of eights (fixed keel), also the first time either rowed with round oars. Both used the same kind of oars and boats.

The following list gives the name of the station from which the winning boat has started for the last thirteen years:—

1857. Middlesex.	1862. Middlesex.	1866 Middlesex.
1858. Middlesex.	1863. Middlesex.	1867. Middlesex.
1859. Middlesex.	1864. Middlesex.	1868. Surrey.
1860. Surrey.	1865. Middlesex.	1869. Middlesex.
1861. Middlesex.		

BOATING MATTERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

It is a fact well known to all that the pastime of rowing has more followers, and greater exertions are made to advance its interests in New England than in any other section of the country, and that its devotees are determined to permit no falling off in this respect is demonstrated by the activity now manifested thereon. The Boston boys are "all alive, O!" and eager for the watery fray. The Union Club, the leading organization of that city, will have a new, commodious and elegant house, the members having, it is stated, subscribed $15,000 for that purpose. The membership list of the club contains at present one hundred names, and as soon as the contemplated improvements are made, this number will, it is expected, be considerably augmented. They will also add a number of paper boats to their fleet, the champion rower of the club, has been working hard all, winter, and will be prepared to defend the title against whoever may aspire thereto. The veterans, Baxter, Sargent, Forbes and Fenno, will probably make up a crew for the June races. Tyler will again enter the lists, and hold himself in readiness to meet anybody in a two or three miler on Charles river, though he will not leave Hub to row. Perhaps Mekel will accept of the opportunity thus presented, to endeavor to regain the laurels lost last year on Lake Quinsigamond. If he is anxious for another trial, let us hear from him to that effect soon. Butler and Clary are looked upon as coming men, and Old Tom Doyle, who has bucked against all the crack scullers for years, will be in good form, and try for first place instead of second. Tom, jr., is going for the Charlestown boys, Poor and the rest. The Meclellan and What Cheer crews are already taking their regular breakings when the weather is suitable. The Harvard crew will undergo several changes, and if the Yale boys improve their time they will stand an excellent chance of winning back the honors to their college. Keyser, a fine oarsman of Bowdoin College, has announced himself as ready to pull a single scull race against any likely man from Harvard and Yale. Copp, brother of one of the Yale crew, and Appleton, of Harvard, will accommodate him, this expected, and if the race takes place at the time of the annual University contests it will add a new feature to the attraction of the occasion, and probably become an institution with the collegians. It is a step in the right direction, as "Champion of the College" would be a title more coveted than a place in the representative eight. The annual contests for the championship of the Union Club, and the New England Rowing Association gold medal, won last season by John Tyler, will take place some time in June.

The Providence oarsmen are keeping pace with those elsewhere in point of zeal. West, the champion of the Narragansett Club, promises to have hard work to successfully dispute the claims of Denning, who looks askance at the position, and is determined to make a bold stroke for it when the proper time arrives. The Narragansetts have a fine club house, and number sixty-five working members, prominent among whom are the

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

(This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our resident population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.)

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 8.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Orchestra, $1; Parquet, 75c; Dress Circle, 50c; Children, half price. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Bayard streets.—Balcony and Orchestra, 25c; Parquet, 50c; Second Circle, 35c; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Orchestra and Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8th avenue and 23d street.—Evening—Orchestra Chairs and Parquet Balcony, $1.50; Dress or Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 35; General Admission, 75c. Matinee—Orchestra Chairs and Reserved Seats, $1; Family Circle, 25c; General Admission, 50c; Children under 12 years of age, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

NEW YORK CIRCUS—14th street, between 5d and 4th avenues.—Admission, 75 and 50c. Doors open at 2 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50; Reserved, in Dress Circle, $1; Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c; Family Circle, 50c; Children (for matinee only) 50c; Balcony Seats, for matinee, $1. Doors open at 12½ and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Prince street. Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet Circle and Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets. Orchestra, $1; Parquet, 75c.; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Orchestra and Balcony, $1; Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1½ and 7, commences at 2½ and 7½.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE—Bowery, opposite Spring street. Orchestra, 50c.; Parquet, 35c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1½ and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

TAMMANY—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues. General admission, 50c.; Reserved seats, 25c. extra; Orchestra Chairs, 50c extra. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WAVERLY THEATRE—Broadway, near Fourth street. Orchestra, $1.50; Dress Circle, $1; Balcony, 75c.; Family Circle, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 8.

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 30th street. General admission, 50c. Matinee—Parquet and Dress Circle, 75c.; Orchestra and Balcony, 50c. Extra, Children, Evening—Dress Circle and Parquet 75c.; Orchestra, $1.50; Balcony, $1. Open from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. Performance commences at 1½ and 8.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Dan Castello (2), Bidwell and Locke, Cal Wagner, George Chapman, F. L. Kent, John H. Cooke, Harry Fennie, George C. Charles, Garrett L. Carnahan, Justin Robinson, William Littlefield, J. Cockain, A. J. Leavitt, John Cole, J. F. Dunnie (2), Gus Clark, Henry Eades, Adam Carter, Charles L. Church, Gus Benave Bilnau, L. G. Christie, William Barry, Chas. Clifton Abrahams & Johnson, W. C. Croom, H. Rogers, W. Carter, Ed. Adams, Stewart Craven, William Carroll, R. Crompton, Joseph Norree, William Castle, Frank Edwards, Johnny Mack, Gianoni, Harry H. Wood, Alex. Zanfretta—10c, Hector Myers, C. S. Sanford, H. Verney, W. DeHaven, H. Day, H. B. Harrison, J. Keller, James Haverley, Simonette (2) Miss Clark, Robin Howard, Harry Coleman, F. Sherry, Alvina Ivers, Molly Cook, Kate Foster, Mrs. Andy Haight, Alice Cromwell, Kate Wilson, Annie Conrad, Ada Wray,

Joseph Withers, Jeneaga Carter (4) Chuck Crane, Wm. Lingard, James J. Croll, J. M. Conrad, W. A. Boswell, Joe Carroll, The Continentals, J. E. Harlet, Ben Crosby (2), Edmund Coles (2), Johnny Queen, Doc Chambers, C. Amory Bruce, Albert Aaverly, Pete Lee (2) Mons. Chevalier, J. F. Noyes, J. Allen Cornwell, A. H. Hastings, William Bishop, Philo Clark, James Cochran, James Smith, G. Swayne Buckley, Allen and Oakes, J. R. Spackman, C. H. Mathews (2), C. J. Fyfe, Phil Greenwall, John H. Partridge, E. J. Mack, George Goy, W. H. Taylor, A. Ashley, John Templeton, J. G. Saville, Frank Mayo, Constantine Edwards George Florance, L. E. Barker, E. B. Cannon Ad. Bassett, I. N. Drew, James M. Nixon, Fred. G. Wilhelm, John Bryan, T. G. Rose (2), Com. Nutt, Attn. San Marco (2) Max Finkle, Flora Weston, Ella Franklin, Pauline Cushman, Anna Chapin, Celestine Carl, Vic Howard,

N. D. Roberts, F. K. Thompson, C. H. Clark, James W. Clark, J. C. Heybourne, J. Jordan, Ed. Brink, Harry St. Leon, George Markus, James Gaynor, C. B. Hicks, Boothby and Fairclough Geo. W. Powers, James Haverly, Albert Casedy, Harry Alden, Stephen Massett, John Brougham, George De Vere, C. Clark, Frank Parkhurst, J. Walter Clark, Prof. Logrenia, L. H. Thresh, C. W. Fenton, M. L. Townsend, Johnny Queen, C. A. Morris, J. H. Budworth (2), Dick Willis, John Saphore, Sydney Cook, R. M. Wright, Samuel May, Edwin Holmes, Dave Williams, Thos. Shannon, Chas. Cordell, Adolph Gonzales, James Swedwicks, Joe Mack (2), William Wallace, Dupree & Benedict, Asa Burton, John La Thorne, Billy Sweatman, Oliver Wren, Edwin Booth, Wm. Marshall, Dan Bryant, Fred. Berger, M. Hark, Fannie Meemer, Ella Franklin, Maude St. Leon, Mrs. J. C. Nelson, Mrs. D. H. Harkins, Florence La Fond.

Songs for the People.

(In this department we intend to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian, etc., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

No. 1.

"LIKE A FLOWER PERISHETH"

SONG AND CHORUS.

Weave gay garlands—bring bright flowers—
She who loved them's passed away;
Place them on her breast—her forehead—
Buds and blossoms—for to-day,
Where the lily, white lilies wave
They will lay her in her grave!

Chorus—Where the sweetest flowers are growing,
Where the whitest lilies wave,
There, to-day, will gently lay her,
Lay her in her peaceful grave!

Weave gay garlands—bring bright flowers!
None e'er loved them more than she
While she lived—then what more fitting
Crown to her that pale brow can be,
Ere, where lay, white lilies wave,
They will lay her in the grave?

Chorus—Where the sweetest, etc.

J. H. B.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, April 5, '69.

"ABOUT THESE TIMES look out for showers," and "take your auld cloak and umbrel about ye," for though the sun shineth on all, lo! in a twinkling, the "dood gates of Heaven are opened," and no man is secure from a Rushin' bath..... We have passed through the first week after Lent. We do not believe that *all* who cater for our amusement are satisfied with the pecuniary results of their week's business; a few have profited, *not* owing to the change from a holy season to an unholy one—for there is but little difference between saints and sinners, now-a-days—but rather to good luck and legs. And speaking of legs and a prodigal display of female charms, it is evident that we have gradually been educated up to a standard in morality which will now warrant our managers in giving us a model artist show, "pure and simple"—for "to the pure *all* things are pure," you know—and discarding altogether he flimsy fabrics which now serve to hide a few inches of our blondes' lovely forms. So, ladies, by and with the advice and consent of the managers, you will not at all shock our modesty if you go a little farther in your make up, by getting rid of your loose habits and appearing tight from top to toe. Things are tending that way; and that manager, or that actress, who may leap the narrow chasm first will take the cream of the business, and put barrels of money in his or her treasury. It would create such a sensation as to make more than the usual *five roar*. What say the English blondes? Shall we have the model artist exhibition revived in its entirety? Jimmy, just throw a little oil on the crank, and give her a turn.

BIG THING,

About twenty years ago, or less, a man did come to town,
Who, for a showing of women's legs, had thereby gained renown;
Of clothes, he girls was very scant, they didn't have much to brag
Of—but it wouldn't have made no difference, if they didn't have a rag.
This man he was a pious chap, leastwise 'twas said so then,
And so he got the church folks, first, to see the how's don;
And once they saw his tableaux, which took 'em by surprise,
They vowed such sights had ne'er before been set before their eyes.
There was Eve and Mister Adam, as the good book lets us know 'em,
And the manager warn't a bit ashamed in nakedness to show 'em;
And many other undress sights—I would make you fairly holler—
Were shown to these religious folks for only half a dollar.
And Collver he made money fast, "Our Jim" would like to be him,
For men and women, old and young, his models flocked to see 'em,
So artists all became the rage, and so did Doctor Collyer,
Till suddenly the thing collapsed, and mighty was the all there;
For Mercer street got in the fur, and outstripped Collyer's winnings,
By showing the naked human form, and things went on all swimmin'.
Then Water street went in likewise, and well did do its work
By a showing of the nakedest woman in New York
This roused the police ire, perhaps—too late the troupe then sees it—
The Philistines were upon them, and the models had to retreat it.

.....And speaking of pious things, we took "Our Jim" to church last Sunday evening, for he has had his own way too much lately, and must be curbed. The supernatated clergyman commenced a violent tirade against theatres and the players, and said that the play house was the key to the *bottomless pit*, mentioned in scripture. "Jim," not catching the whole of the sentence, having been asleep, aroused at the mention of bottomless pit, and said that the young actress to whom he referred was undeserving of such undignified language, and he would no longer remain to hear his friends thus vilified..... They're trying to abrogate—we think that's a big enough word for it—the Excise Law, so far as to allow a man to drink lager beer at all times. The whole thing ought to be annulled—they might as well make laws to say when a man shall eat, for, after all, there's no difference between too much to drink and too little to eat, for the one makes a man very happy, tightly, and the other makes him very appetity, too. In attempting the feat of jumping through a ten inch hole in a board three the other day, we somehow touched an uneven corner of the hole, which somewhat jarred our intellect, and we are not quite certain but our fun since that tight time. They do say that we got through however; but we failed to see more after striking the hole. .....Imprisonment for debt is a thing we don't hold to in certain cases; but there is a man now playing at Wallack's Theatre who should certainly be incarcerated in Eldridge street jail, for he is *always* Own' Marlowe. *Sunstroke*, they say, affects the head, too; but knot holes will knock holes in all such illusions..... An actor called upon us the other day, one of those who do "utility or better business," as it is now called. The man seemed a trifle knocked up, down in the mouth, or something of that. "Our Jim," seeing that we were busy, and noticing the utility man's abject condition, said:—"Mornin'." "Good morning," responded the other. "What's the matter? you look as if you was off your feed. Aint you well?" said Jamie, sympathetically. "Well no, I'm not I' the vein to-day; I'm troubled with *hires*." "I tell yer what you do," said the feeling boy; "just rub yerself down with honey." "Honey!" quoth utility, "where is the utility of such treatment as that?" "Why it's the best *hive syrup* ever invented." We could never take pleasure in having fun with sick people, but "Jim" is no respecter of persons..... "James," a few lines will not be out of place here in reference to the

FIGHT OF THE BOUFFERS.

Although a *gendarme*, Gabel meant no harm
When he challenged Carrier to a duel;
Because if they fit neither one would be hit,
For the guns had been robbed of their fuel,
Carrier knew this well, but to keep up the sell
He resolved to give Gabel no quarter;
The *gendarme* in affright got on a steamer at night,
And for France he's now ploughing the water.

.....A man of somewhat poor but circumscribed parentage entered our sanctum on Saturday last, and in tones fraught with sad emotion and thirst he said:—"Francis, me boy, will you be kind enough to inform me why the letter T is like the temple in Fourteenth street, which was raised for *sachems*, but afterwards *for sachen* by them?" [This man must have been through a knot hole, too.] We assured our visitor that it was beyond our penetration. "Well, Francis, me boy," said he, and sobs fairly choked his utterance, "its because its the beginning of Tammany and the end of Bryant." We were not at all surprised when we saw the ever faithful Jimmy pitching the intruder through the hatchway.....John Brougham went out of the 24th street theatre "On his Last Legs," on Saturday night last. A great deal has been said relative to the trouble at the theatre in question, which terminated in the genial John's abdication, some attributing it to one difficulty was all owing to a *hokey skin*..... It won't do for our blondes with flowing hair to visit Cuba, for the Spaniards there associate flowing female tresses with rebel proclivities, and those who so wear their hair in Havana are said to be liable to insult. Well, there may be something in it, for the disposition of unconfined hair is to be *free*, and as *fair from the crown* as it is possible to get. Wonder if that's the reason so many English beauties are leaving the Queen's dominions for the land of the free?..... Atkins, who used to do the funny business in the "Black Crook" at Niblo's, has returned to the Theatre Comique; he is to be congratulated, for though he *went to the Wall*, he failed to take *Holt*, and only *Lingard* in that condition a short time ....."Jimmy, do you think there's anything more in her to-day?" "Well, if she hasn't been through a knot hole, I guess I could manage it." "Well, see what she can do."

THE BATTLE OF THE MIMES.

Scene—the camp of the "Legitimists" on Murray Hill, with entrenchments and outworks. Tents of Tragedy and Comedy, represented by Generals Booth and Wallack, conspicuous in the central altitude, the latter looking south through a field glass.

TRAGEDY.
This looks like war, and verily my blood
Throbs hotly through my veins. In my mind's eye
I see the bustle of the foemen's camp,
I see the men in armor, hear the neigh
Of chargers drawn to battle. Now, what news?
(To a messenger, who has entered hurriedly).

MESSENGER.
Gloomy, my lord. The foe is reinforced
And holds all avenues of near approach.
One column now to meet us on the west,
Another flanks the east, while nearer by
You may discern their shifting parallels.

TRAGEDY.
Their leaders—speak!

MESS.
I scarce can fill the list,
But, as I recollect, each distant clime
Sends a contingent, under high command.
COMEDY *(lighting a cigar).*
'Tis not much of a shower, I do believe.
Their rabble rout Frank Barry now has for me.
More danger apprehend I from within.
Where, clad in sober garments, treason lurks;
I like not Tayleure, with his sudden show
Of loyalty, and see the cloven foot
Quite plainly through his subterfuge.

TRAGEDY
Let him be watched. The citadel is safe,
But treachery may native ess lurk within.
See to't no woollen horse may pass the gate,
With force in stuff'd, as in the olden time.
Let us have no Troys here, unless *troy weight*.
Come, bustle, bustle, faithful engineers!
Be spear and targe advanced in readiness!
By our dear fathers' memories, we'll strike home,
For all that's standard and legitimate
Rests on our prowess now. Go, trusty mronaut,
Let *Ariel* good service do for once,
Take the balloon and spy out what transpires
I' the opposing camps.

(Professor Wise makes a grand ascension in presence of the rival armies.

Tell what thou seest,
Nor fear to dawn us with untoward news.

WISE.
Their num ildiegon; troth a motley swarm,
And no two dress alike, while as for rank
No order is observed. They come in mutt,
A most incongruous swarm, and, as I think,
There be some Amazons among them too.
Jarrett is see, and Palmer, with their crew
Of lively, buxom lasses, and next them Wood
Leads a division, wearing for a feint
Our chosen colors. Lent, or circus fame,
Conducts a troop of horse, preceded first
By minstrel splaying various lay'dic airs.
Fox and his colleagues lead the rear reserve,
And all the *bouffe* propice, too, are here.

TRAGEDY
Come they armed *cap a pied*?

WISE.
Some for the cups
And think Talee can discern the *pied*—
Perhaps a trifle more.

TRAGEDY.
Well, hang our banners on the outer walls;
Wake we bold parley with this rebel crew.

(Rides forth, preceded by a flag of truce, and accompanied by his generals, meeting the rebellious Mimes in their cohorts half way between the lines.)

How now, ye false rapscallions, ye abjurers!
Upstarts and hireling's, traitors to the cause
That Shakespeare, Fool and Musick so love well,
What would ye do?

FANCY *(attended by John Brougham, Lydia Thompson, Irwin, Rose Hillers).*
Assert our vested rights.
Old Fogyism, sirs, has had its day
And Fancy claims on e more her rightful sway.
Too long the Muse has been unbreed 'neath the chain
Of dullness which our blows have rent in twain.
Either adopt our polity or yield,
You see e'en now how far we have the field.
Au reste, we have the very cr'eam of the mass,
And far outnumber you. But let that pass.

ART *(attended by Gets, Searcy, Guilleaud and other scenic artists).*
Our choice by Fancy was long since controlled;
We follow Fan to see.

WIT.
Tut! tut! that's old,
I have said better things an hundred fold.
Sharp though your blades may be, my weapon's sharper,
And bids defiance to each cutie carper.

SATIRE.
If still your frolic humor useless prove,
I'll back you close; still I dearly love
'Gainst popular abuses, follies, whims,
And bright must be the blade my wit that dims.

SONG.
Though from this weather somewhat out of tune,
Than to serve here I crave no greater boon.
I've troops of followers, a lot whom are pledged,
Apollo's license is their act all-fledged.

TERPSICHORE.
Sister, well said; I'll answer for myself
And rest assured I do not lack for pell.
My followers even will outnumber thine;
For these long years I have them wholly mine.

BEAUTY.
Though somewhat diffident, I still may boast
A host of friends, who say I rule the roast.

GRACE.
Count me in too—I'll not be le't behind.
This is a freak just suited to my mind.

AGILITY.
Though not renowned for speeches of much length,
I'll aid your efforts with my feats of strength.
Azility's my forte—you need not fear,
We can attack them by both front and rear.

TRAGEDY.
Sound trumpets, beat your kettle drums to shreds,
This night we win or sit k to gory beds.

(Trumpets sound a charge—the armies rush to battle, and great execution is being done on both sides, when Clio descends between the contending parties, bearing the olive branch of peace.)

CLIO.
Cease this contentious wrangling, banish war;
Know that ye brothers, sisters, alwaysare,
And naught can either by a chance invent
That will not aid the other. Cy content,
And let your kindred arts co-hand in hand;
Children of fame alike, a lustrous band,
Ye win fame's mead, and need no sterner laws
Than wield the public ire by mute prompt applause.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

City Summary.

MR. COULDOCK, who is a most excellent actor, closed an engagement at the Broadway Theatre on April 3d. It proved to be a cold dock for him to put in at, and it is to be regretted that he ventured there. Bad actors sometimes do better than good ones at this house.

MR. LINGARD made his reappearance at the Theatre Comique on Wednesday evening of last week, and gave some of his popular character songs, one of the best of which was the German Onion Vender, which received the applause it so well merited. Alice Dunning and Geo. C. Boniface sustained the leading *roles* in "Time Tries All," and this was followed by the extravaganza of "Pluto," which still continues to be received with favor here. The legs displayed at this house are not a bit behind similar exhibitions at larger establishments. This week, the same bill is repeated, with Mr. Lingard in several new statue representations, including those of A. Oakey Hall, A. T. Stewart, and Gen. Robert Lee. The entertainment given at the Comique is very pleasing.

JANAUSCHEK is having a lonesome time of it at the Academy of Music, where she appeared several evenings the past week. The German population prefer their own Stadt Theatre to the Academy, and while they attend Haase's entertainments at the former in large numbers, Janauschek and the Academy are almost deserted.

SPECULATORS in theatre tickets got stuck badly on Friday evening last, a heavy rain storm setting in just about the time the places of amusement were letting in, and the attendance was slim almost everywhere. As some of the speculators think nothing of sticking the people, we do not think there were many regrets at the loss the former sustained.

THE NEW YORK THEATRE is still closed. Why does not "Fisk Junior" go for that, too?

A "COURT OF JUSTICE" was happily illustrated the past week by the San Francisco Minstrels. It is a new local sketch, and contains some good points, and gives a few not unmerited raps at official and judicial peculiarities. David, the sweet singer, gave a new ballad, one of those plaintive songs which he so well knows how to sing. This week they are to give a "Tempest, or Love Under Difficulty."

GRAU'S BOUFFES are worrying out a few nights at the Theatre Francaise, but this sort of thing has evidently lost its hold. The company has lost the services of one of the most valuable members of the troupe, Gabel.

WHAT IS AN ORCHESTRE?—A case of some importance to musicians was decided in one of our courts on the 1st inst. Carl Anschutz signed an agreement some time ago with the proprietors of Cosmopolitan Hall to conduct an orchestre at that place for one night, on the evening, on Sunday, at a salary of $75 per week. The proprietors at the same time contracted with another party to furnish an orchestre of 22 pieces, and this orchestre Carl conducted three evenings, when six musicians were the next night missing, and Carl refused to conduct less than 20 or 22 men. These were not furnished, and Carl entered suit for his week's salary. Defendants said there was no agreement as to the number of men for the orchestre, and that ten or twelve would answer; but the judge decided that Anschutz was not obliged to conduct an orchestre of less than 22 men, and rendered judgment in Carl's favor for $75; with interest and costs.

MLLE. DE ROSA made her *debut* on the East side of the town on March 29th, in the pantomime of the "Seven Dwarfs," at the Bowery Theatre, and she was warmly greeted. The *ballet*, which was very weak on the initial performance of this pantomime, has been so improved that the dancing is now quite a feature, and receives its share of applause. There appears to be no diminution in the attendance since the first night, for the house is crowded nightly. The transformation scene is alone worth the price of admission to witness.

A SOMERSAULT IN MID-AIR.—Of the many break-neck gymnastic acts that have been successfully accomplished in this country by daring athletes, none so dangerous or daring has ever been performed as was witnessed at the Tammany on Monday evening, March 29th. The act was done by the three boys of the Gregory Combination, aged respectively 16, 15 and 14 years. These lads ascended by a rope to the *L'Echelle Perilleuse*, suspended from the dome, at a height of about forty feet over the musicians. After going through a variety of feats, Mr. Gregory stepped forward and announced that "Albert would, for the first time in public, turn the perrenial somersault," and as he commenced, the audience cried for the net to be spread. Mr. Gregory stated that he felt sure that the boy would do it, as he had been so successful at rehearsals, and was confident in his abilities. The audience again cried for the net, and in the midst of the excitement Albert accomplished the feat, and it was over before a great many were aware of it. We will now describe it as near as it can be done on paper. Jean and Arthur hang head downwards, holding on to each end of the bar by their legs. Albert is then thrown through the air by the hands, from Arthur to Jean; then, clutching the latter's hands, he swings for a moment, then lets go his hold, turns a complete revolution in the air and grasps the hands of Arthur. It was done in an instant, so quickly in fact, that the audience could scarcely believe it. They then descended to the stage, bowed and retired, but such a noise as followed is seldom heard in a theatre, for every one appeared to be screaming at the top of the voice, which, with the stamping of feet, pounding of canes and clapping of hands made a perfect Babel. They were called before the footlights five times, and each time a storm of applause greeted them. The affair had been pretty heavily carded in the various journals for several days previous, and the consequence was, the Wigwam was one mass of human beings, the establishment being so crowded that it was almost an impossibility to walk through the lobbies. The act fully realized all expectations, for the performance was smooth and finished to a degree, and, for nerve and daring, surpassed anything of the kind ever before witnessed. It raised the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch, and will no doubt draw large audiences for some time. Miss Rose Lucelle, the young lady who has lately adopted the Niagara Leap act as a business, also appeared the same evening, in conjunction with M. Couteiller. She performed the act with great daring and ease. She starts on her aerial journey with a kind of calm confidence that assures the audience of her perfect safety. She has already made a success, and should prove a great card. After Miss Lucelle had finished the "Leap" on Monday, M. Couteiller ascended to the box in the circle, and grasping the rings pendant from the dome, swung off to the flies of the stage, and returned, alighting safely on the box. He then made another flight, and when directly over the stage turned a somersault and alighted on a bed on the stage. This was received with as much demonstration as was afterwards bestowed on the other act by the Gregories, and M. Couteiller was called out five times, and each time he led forward Miss Lucelle and performed a variety of feats, which showed what a powerful man he must be, and what a wonderful amount of muscle he possesses. He swung Miss Lucelle around in the air, from a strap around her which he held by his teeth. Taken on the whole, the gymnastic business now being done at the Tammany equals, and in some instances excels, anything ever before seen in this country. In the burlesque of the "Horse Marines," Ben. Maginley retired from the *role* of Mad. Jinks after March 31st, and it was taken by Mr. T. E. Jackson. Mr. W. Donaldson secured the book before last, and Frank Barry now plays the part of Old Tom. On Tuesday evening, before the Gregory boys did their great act, the demand for the net was so great on the part of the audience that it had to be spread, and every one was then satisfied.

BROUGHAM'S BURLESQUE OF "RED HOT," which had to be postponed on March 29th, in consequence of the illness of Neise Seymour, is announced for production at Bryants' this evening, Mr. Seymour having sufficiently recovered from his late attack of fever to appear in the olden time.

NEIL BRYANT takes a benefit at the Academy of Music, on April 22d, when Dan Bryant will appear in an Irish character, supported by a dramatic company.

ELISE HOLT was sufficiently recovered from her late illness to walk out, on the 2d inst., for the first time in three weeks. She will make her *rentree* at the Waverley on the 12th inst., when she will either appear as Wamba, in "Ivanhoe," or "Lucrezia Borgia" will be revived.

H. FRAH, a gentleman who came to this country with the Elise Holt troupe, sailed for Europe on the 3d inst., on business for Harry Wall.

TIME runs on with unerring swiftness, and everything must come to an end—even the best of things. This is the case with the New York Circus. The last week of its stay in this city for the present is fast approaching, and shortly the concern will be seeking fields and pastures new, delighting our country cousins. Therefore our citizens should take advantage of the few opportunities left of witnessing one of the best and most completely organized equestrian, gymnastic and acrobatic troupes in the country. To say that this company have succeeded in this city in establishing itself as an institution is not using strong enough terms. The patronage bestowed proves unquestionably that they have intrinsic merit. Caroline Rollande re-appears this week in a bareback act of equestrianism.

JOHNNY MACK returned to San Francisco, Cal., on April 1st, to look out Turf, Jockey Club business.

J. L. STACKHOUSE, who came here from San Francisco, Cal., a few months ago, as business manager for the Olympic, to drum up recruits, returns by the steamer of April 10th, accompanied by his wife.

A SPLIT.—The Worrell Sisters having dissolved partnership, Sophie is now going it alone through the west with the Sophie Worrell Combination. Irene and Jennie arrived in this city on March 29th.

JAMES WALLACK, JR., is at his residence in Long Branch, suffering with a severe illness.

MR. WILLIAMSON'S benefit, which was to have taken place on the 10th inst., has been postponed until the 24th.

A WAR OF WORDS.—During the rehearsal of "La Vie Parisienne" at the French Theatre on the morning of March 27th, quite a row took place between Gabel and Carrier, as to who should occupy a certain portion of the stage in a certain scene. Blows followed words, but the combatants were soon separated. On the following day each actor sent the other a challenge to fight a duel on March 29th. One mentioned pistols, the other favored the sword, but neither said "coffee." The police got wind of the affair, and the whole thing ended without smoke or any blood being spilt. Mr. Gabel tendered his resignation to the manager, and sailed for La Belle France on the 31st.

AN OPPORTUNITY is offered to any single or combined attraction that may want an opening in the metropolis during the summer, as the Theatre Comique management is prepared to negotiate with all such parties.

MISS MARRIOTT (Mrs. Edgar), from the London theatres, made her American *debut*, at Wood's Museum, on March 29th, in the *role* of Hamlet. She is of the ordinary stature, finely formed, graceful in person, easy in her movements, and clear and distinct in her utterance. Hamlet, we have been informed, is her masterpiece. At times she is not sufficiently emphatic in her readings; emphasis elegantly illustrates the speaker's meaning of a sentence which might possibly be misconceived. The soliloquy of "To be or Not to Be," was impressively delivered. We did not like the impetuosity and rudeness of her manner to Ophelia immediately afterwards. In the play scene she was too stagey altogether, and her actions would have aroused the suspicion of all present as to her designs. Throughout the last act she was generally correct and impressive. The lady was not well supported. The Ghost of Mr. Cathcart was by no means a satisfactory performance. Mr. Albaugh's Laertes was good. Mr. De Vere's King was "very like a whale." Rose Cook sang the music of Ophelia finely, and had no idea of the part. A little new business was resorted to in the appearance and disappearance of the Ghost. In the first act, where Hamlet is following him, the scenes change and he is discovered, on a raised platform, pulled across the stage on a slote, and, descending through a trap, comes out from under the platform to the front, while Hamlet descends by the stairs. And in the closet scene he disappears on a slote behind a gauze screen, which, on the second evening, proved a great drawback to the scene, as the slote caught in something, and nearly pitched his Ghostship on his face. Shakespeare's plays ought to be attractive enough without resorting to this kind of clap-trap business. The attendance on the *debut* of this lady was fair, but business was not good the balance of the week. She appeared as Hamlet every evening except Wednesday and Friday.

"LUCRETIA BORGIA" was produced at the Waverley on March 29th and 30th, and on the latter night Lydia Thompson's burlesque of "Ivanhoe" was presented. Mr. James Lewis, who returned from Boston in time to resume the *role* of Lucretia in the first burlesque on the 29th, appeared as Rebecca in "Ivanhoe," with Minnie Jackson in the title *role*, Elise Holt continuing too sick to appear. Maggie Desmond made her first appearance in this city as Wamba, the fool. She is from England, but has lately appeared in Texas. The Rigl Sisters appeared during the burlesque in a dance. Of the "Ivanhoe" very little can be said in its favor, and much to disparage it. There is very little wit in the dialogue, and the fun depends entirely on the ludicrous situations.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE reopened on March 31st, under the management of Clifton W. Tayleure, with Shakespeare's play of the "Tempest." During Mr. Tayleure's absence in Europe many alterations were made in the Opera House, while preparations were going on for the spectacle involving a heavy outlay. Portions of the house have been touched up by the painter, and other artisans, dubbing and brushing, and consequently the tournant in a dance. Of the "Tempest" very little can be said in its favor, and much to disparage it. There is very little wit in the dialogue, and the fun depends entirely on the ludicrous situations.

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Dramatic.

AT THE MOBILE (Ala.,) THEATRE the stock company have been running "Arrah-Na-Pogue," "Under the Gas Light," and "Rip Van Winkle," to rather slim houses. The past week was taken up by the amateurs, with concerts and dramatic performances for charitable purposes, and a benefit to J. A. Wallace, stage manager.

THE M'LLE MARIE ZOAVE troupe played in Fort Plain, N. Y., on the 29th and 30th ult., to good houses, considering the inclement weather, a correspondent informs us.

A CARD OF IMPORTANCE to the profession is published in our advertising columns by Manager John A. Selwyn, of Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, Mass.

"THE SACHEM OF THE MERRIMAC."—A fair house greeted the first production of this new drama, in Music Hall, Lowell, Mass., on March 29th. The piece, written by Mr. Sam Woodworth, is founded on the stirring period of King Phillip's war, and depicts the characteristics and feelings of the Pawtucket and Wamesit tribes of Indians.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS opened an engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on March 29th, in the "Lady of Lyons," supported by J. C. McCollom. Our correspondent, "Don Juan," says:—"Notwithstanding a very inclement evening, the house was full, and the audience manifested throughout a most lively appreciation of the performances of both Pauline and Melnotte. The youthful appearance and dignified grace of Mrs. Bowers was much commented upon, as well as the improved appearance and acting of Mr. McCollom. The Gaps, Bouscaut of E. H. Hendrie, Mrs. Kennedy as Gisela, W. D. Shelby as Col. Damas, and Mrs. Germon's Madame Deschappelles, were well played. On March 30th 'Ingomar' was given, with Mr. McCollom as Ingomar, and Mrs. Bowers as Parthenia. On the 31st, Mrs. Bowers for the first time in Baltimore assumed the *role* of Queen Elizabeth, with McCollom as the Earl of Essex, which was witnessed by a crowded house. The character of the Virgin Queen was rendered in good style by Mrs. Bowers. The acting of McCollom as the pet courtier was a fine effort. The piece was magnificently mounted, and the wardrobes were rich and costly. A fine scene was introduced in the third act, representing the throne room, with the palace garden and Windsor Castle in the perspective, illuminated in honor of the victory over the 'invincible armada' of Phillip, King of Spain. The escutcheon and arms of Henry the Eighth were also prominently displayed. On April 1st, Mrs Bowers appeared as Lady Audley, in which character she is inimitable. The house was filled to overflowing. Mr. McCollom, as Robert Audley, never looked or acted better. On Friday evening, benefit of Mrs. Bowers, when the historical play of 'Mary, Queen of Scots,' drew an immense house. This piece, like 'Elizabeth,' was superbly mounted, elegantly costumed, and with the strictest attention paid to detail. On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Bowers played Lucretia Borgia, in Talbot's original play of 'East Lynne.' On April 5th, for the first time here, Falconer's drama of 'Snare, or What Can't Money Do,' will be presented..... The Richings' English Opera Troupe will inaugurate a season of five nights at the Concordia Opera House on the 5th inst., opening in the opera of 'La Traviata.'"

THEATRICALS IN THE FAR WEST.—A correspondent writing from Salt Lake City, on March 28th, says:—"Lucille Western and Jo. Herne hold forth at present the boards of the Salt Lake Theatre, and are playing with varying success. 'Rip Van Winkle', as enacted by Mr. Herne, took well with the Saints. Mr. Herne plays the part in an excellent manner. Lucille Western appeared in 'East Lynne,' but she did not make a favorable impression in the part (they can't forget Julia Deane's East Lynne), and on the second night there was a slim house. The people of Salt Lake were thrown into a great state of excitement by the production of 'Oliver Twist.' There was some severe preaching at different meeting-houses on Sunday evening against it, and the speakers denounced the play in unmeasured terms, cautioning the people to absent themselves from the Theatre if 'Oliver Twist' was played, and particularly advised the youth of both sexes to keep away, but more especially the young ladies, who found themselves in the condition in which devoted wives who love their husbands like to be. The managers had to back out in a card, promising to withdraw the piece. The agitation against this performance may materially damage the engagement..... Madame Scheller has made her first appearance at the Denver Theatre, as Marie in 'The Pearl of Savoy,' and was welcomed by a large audience. George Waldron played Lonstalot, and Mr. Langrishe, Pierrot, and Mrs. Waldron, Chondon. In 'The Lady of Lyons, Madame Scheller and Mr. Waldron were called three times in the course of the evening. Money is scarce in Denver, and business generally dull..... About twenty managers and troupes are going to White Pine. Theatricals will be lively there, and a great deal of money will no doubt be sunk in these enterprises."

MCKEAN BUCHANAN'S DRAMATIC TROUPE performed in Titusville, Pa., on April 2d. The *Herald* of the 3d says:—"In his great character of Shylock, Mr. Buchanan cannot be excelled by any actor on the American stage. The cunning, crafty, mercenary and exacting Jew was portrayed with a truthfulness that left no room to improve. Shylock is Mr. Buchanan's specialty, and we have yet to see a rendition of this difficult character that can at all compare with his. Miss Virginia, as Portia, was as tastefully dressed, as charming in speech and manner as usual, and quite carried the hearts of the audience by storm."

VARNEY'S DRAMATIC TROUPE opens in Burlington, Iowa, on the 5th, commencing with "Under the Gaslight;" 6th, "Ticket-of-Leave Man;" 7th, "Hidden

Claire as Bradshaw, his first appearance on any stage. On April 2d Isadore Cameron appeared as Alice Barlow and Lady Gay Spanker for her benefit, in the play of "£100,000" and "London Assurance."

RACHEL JOHNSON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY was announced to open in Toledo, Ohio, for five evenings, commencing on April 5th. The following pieces are billed for the week:—"East Lynne," "Hunchback," "Belle of the Season," "London Assurance" and "After a Lover." The company is composed of members of Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio.

L. R. BENEUX died in Cardenas, Cuba, on Feb. 8th, from the effects of a kick by a horse on the chest the day previous, which crushed in his stomach. He was born in this city June 1st, 1842, and made his first public appearance on the stage at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., during the engagement of the late Julia Dean Hayne, season of 1859-60, as Thomas in "The Secret." Returned to this city with the Buislay Family in 1866, and appeared at the New Bowery Theatre, and was shortly after stage manager. He then went to Boston to the Continental Theatre, under Whitman's management, where he was prompter and played second low comedy. When Sallie Hinckley took a lease of the New York Theatre, Mr. Beneux translated "Cendrillon" and the "Bird of Paradise" for her. He also played one of the characters in these pieces. He also wrote a drama called "Cadet la Perle," which has been produced by Frank Mayo. His next trip was on a traveling tour with the Davenport-Mayo-Lucille Western Combination. His last engagement in this vicinity was at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, and he shortly after went to Cuba as business manager for the Buislay Family. He was buried in Cardenas.

A THEATRE has been opened at Des Moines, Iowa, by the German denizens.

MRS. J. J. PRIOR, late of Irongham's Theatre, this city, well and favorably known as a talented, painstaking actress, can be engaged for leading or heavy business, as will be seen by her card in another column. Mrs. Prior would be a valuable acquisition to any company.

MR. AND MRS. G. W. HARRISON, and their little daughter Alberta, having returned from their southern tour, are at liberty to engage for the summer or the fall and winter season. See their address in an advertisement elsewhere.

R. F. WHITMAN was obliged to close his season with the "White Fawn" Troupe, at Richmond, Va., on March 27th, as several members of the company did not wish to return for another southern tour. Mr. Whitman arrived in this city on the 3d, to reorganize for another trip through the South, and leaves on the steamer of the 6th inst. He intends opening in Norfolk, Va., on or about the 12th inst.

THE ASHLEY—LATE POTTER—DRAMATIC TROUPE are traveling through Illinois, and were at Wilmington on March 27th.

ADA WEBB opened in St. Louis to a good house on March 29th. On March 29th and 30th "Pocahontas" and "Thrice Married" were given; 31st, "Fanchon;" April 1st, "Caste" and "Young Actress."..... Jean Hosmer closed on March 27th, taking her farewell benefit that day. She gave "Tangled Threads" and "Honeymoon." She opened in Omaha on March 29th..... At the Olympic on March 29th Joseph Proctor, assisted by Charlotte Crampton, opened in "Damon and Pythias," followed on the 30th and 31st by "Ambition," and April 1st "Jack Cade."..... The Worrells closed at this place on March 27th in "Barbe Bleue." Miss Sophie being indisposed during her last few days' stay, Mr. Villa took her part..... Robertson's comedy of "School" is in rehearsal at De Bar's Theatre.

ROBERT JOHNSTON AND NELLIE GERMON opened at the Rochester, N. Y., Theatre on March 31st, in the "Lancashire Lass," Yankee Miller's engagement terminated on the 3d. Mr. Parker, who has been a member of the company the entire season, left on the 1st for Cleveland, O.

WILSON & CLARKE'S COMPANY performed "Oliver Twist" in Halifax, N. S., on March 30th.

T. CHARLES HOWARD opens in Halifax on April 26th with his dramatic company.

FROM DETROIT our correspondent, "Mac," furnishes the following, under date of April 3d:—"Our new opera house was opened on March 29th, with a dramatic company, under the management of G. A. Hough. Mrs. Claude Hamilton recited as a prologue a dedicatory poem, written by A. G. Hibbard, after which the comedy of 'London Assurance' was presented, introducing, for the first time, to a Detroit audience, Kate Reignolds as Lady Gay Spanker, in which character she created a very favorable impression. Walter Grisdale as Dazzle, was out of his line; E. L. Tilton's Max Harkaway was, next to the star, the best played character in the piece. C. R. Fuller as Sir Harcourt Courtley, was good; Claude Hamilton as Charles Courtley, fair; W. T. Johnson as Dolly Spanker, capital; whilst Henry Lindley's Mark Meddle was barely passable. On the opening night the house was only about two-thirds full, caused, no doubt, by the high prices of admission. Tuesday, 'As You Like It,' was presented to a house one-third full. Miss Reignolds appeared as Rosalind, and confirmed the favorable opinion already created. On Wednesday, 'School for Scandal,' and the prices having been reduced, there was a corresponding increase in the attendance. On Thursday 'Lioness of the North,' and the farce of 'Betsy Baker.' On April 1st, for the benefit of Miss Reignolds, 'Camille,' and on Saturday, for the *matinee*, 'Lioness of the North,' and in the evening, 'Romeo and Juliet.' On the whole, the company has not been favorably received, and business throughout the week has been light."

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Musical.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG gave a concert in Elmira, N. Y., on the 1st of April, for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. Miss Kellogg, says a correspondent, "received the neat little sum of $1,500, and the Association realized about $1,000. Seats sold for five and ten dollars, quite freely."

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY are to give a benefit to Will. H. Perry, in Elmira, N. Y., on the 7th, at which time they produce the "Cantata of Belshazzar's Feast."

A B FLAT CORNET PLAYER, if he's up to concert pitch, and tries to see sharp, will find an advertisement in this week's CLIPPER, signed "E. McConkey," offering him a chance to blow his horn.

"INDISPOSED SINGERS" don't have it all their own way everywhere. At the Theatre Royal, Dresden, a singer who pleads hoarseness after, outside singing, forfeits one month's salary. This makes a "hoarse" of another color.

MISS ANNIE HINDLE, the London mimic, and accomplished serio-comic vocalist, is open for an engagement by managers of first-class theatres. Her cantations of "Racketty Jack," "Nelly with her Wicked Blue Eye," "Thoroughbred Charlie," etc., are attractive inducements. For address, see the lady's card in our advertising columns.

GEO. A. FLORANCE, orchestra leader, violin soloist, etc., advertises for an engagement in another column.

PROF. GEO. F. BRISTOW is composing the music for "The Pioneer," in two grand cantatas, by A. C. Watson, and "The Great Republic," by W. Olard Bourne.

BRIGNOLI'S OPERA TROUPE appear in Norfolk, Va., on the 7th inst.

G. P. BARNARD, leader of orchestra, advertises that he can be engaged.

AT MUSICAL FUND HALL, Philadelphia, Carl Sentz and Mark Hassler's grand orchestral *matinees* on Saturday are always well attended.

THE RICHINGS' OPERA TROUPE occupied the Newark, N. J., Opera House on the 1st, 2d and 3d inst. "Martha" was selected for the opening night. The house was crowded. The "Bohemian Girl" was given on the 2d instant for the benefit of Edward Seguin. On the 3d "Fra Diavolo" was produced for the last appearance of the company.

THE TENTH PLYMOUTH CHURCH ORGAN CONCERT, with John Zundel in command of the stops and keys, took place at the Henry Beecher oratory-ial sanctuary in Brooklyn on the 3d inst.

MAX STRAKOSCH, *impresario* and manager of the Kellogg troupe, was arrested soon after his arrival in Troy on the afternoon of the 30th ult., says the Troy *Times*, by Marshal Daw, of Cohoes, upon a *capias* issued by the United States Court, for alleged violation of the International Revenue Laws. Mr. Strakosch was indicted for this offence at the last term of the Court of Utica. He was taken before United States Commissioner Sylvester, where he gave bail in $500 to appear at the next session of the Court to be held in Rochester.

SEVERAL MUSICIANS are wanted to travel this season by R. J. Rose, who advertises in the CLIPPER's columns.

SIGNOR BRIGNOLI gave a concert at Metzerott Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 3d inst. He was assisted by Mlle Marie Louise Durand, soprano; Signor Petrilli, baritone; Signor Sarti and Signor Locatelli, with Steffanone as musical director and conductor.

LOUIS HASELMAYER, professor of music, etc., advertises for opportunities in another column.

"MUSIC FOR THE MILLION," which consists of various popular ballads, is published by Mr. Harding, No. 288 Bowery, N. Y., and sold at a dime per copy. See advertisement.

A GRAND CONCERT, in which first class talent is to take part, is to be given at the Atheneum, Morrisania, N. Y., on the evening of Tuesday, 13th inst., in aid of the Young Men's Literary Association of that town. Aside from the object in view, such performers as Mrs. Georgie Sheppard and Mrs. John Henry, sopranos; Mrs. M. Hawley Johnstone, alto; James Leggett, tenor; F. H. Nash, basso; G. F. Bristow, violin; Miss Celeste S. Butters and W. K. Bassford, pianists, with Mons. Fradell as accompanyist; should fill a larger hall than Morrisania has, to overflowing. Our fellow citizens of Harlem, and the southern section of Westchester county have a musical treat in store for them, such as they have seldom, if ever, had. For what is to be sung and played, etc., see advertisement in another column.

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Negro Minstrelsy.

CHARLEY HARRIS, once famous as a banjoist, is teaching that instrument and the guitar in Chicago.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are advertised at Quincy, Ill., for the 8th and 9th inst.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS are billed in Elmira, N. Y., for the 8th inst.

R. M. HOOLEY, of the Opera House, Brooklyn, wishing the profession to understand his situation in regard to the discharge of a portion of his minstrel company, several of whom comprise the G. W. Jackson organization, requests us to state that not one of those who were discharged was hired for any definite period, but were subject to a dismissal at any moment, with a week's notice, which Mr. Hooley says they received. We herewith give the gentleman's card on the subject:—"CARD.—The undersigned would respectfully and truthfully inform the public, and his professional brethren in particular, that the card in last week's CLIPPER, headed 'The Mammoth Minstrel Troupe, from Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, E. D.' is a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end, and gotten up for the purpose of bringing into notoriety a parcel of fifth-rate performers, or what is called "fill ups," who were, with one or two exceptions, discharged from my employ for their lack of talent and ability to carry out their engagement, and who were given their full notice to leave, as can be proven under oath, anything they have said or may say to the contrary, notwithstanding. As to the paper called the Newark *Courier*, his character speaks for itself, in publishing to the world a vile slander on simply hearing one side of the question. Respectfully, R. M. HOOLEY.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS closed in Washington, D. C., on the 3d inst, and were advertised for Trenton, N. J., on the 5th, and visit Newark, N. J., on the 6th, and Hartford, Conn., 7th and 8th. Charless Melville, the advance agent, was in this city on the 3d.

EMERSON, ALLEN & MANNING'S minstrels were billed for Newport, Ky., on the 2d, and Covington the next evening.

JOHN POGAN publishes a banjoic advertisement in this week's CLIPPER.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS commenced a season of six nights and a *matinee* at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., on March 29th. The theatre was densely packed, and for the first time since the building has been used as a theatre, people were turned away. The seating capacity of the house is a trifle over fifteen hundred, and the prices of admission charged were 25 cents to gallery, 50 to parquet, 75 to dress circle, and $1 to orchestra chairs, which are the regular dramatic prices asked in this city. There was no dramatic performance at the National Theatre (the house being in the possession of the Knights Templar, who gave a ball), and both Odd Fellows Hall and Metzerott's were closed.

WAVERLY'S MINSTRELS gave a performance in Tioga, N. Y., on April 1st.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS concertise in Troy, N. Y., on April 20th, preceded by Newcomb's party on the 14th and 15th.

"THE 4 T THIEVES" burlesque by T. L. Donnelly, produced at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, the past week, has been so favorably received that it is kept on the bills for the current week.

JACKSON'S MINSTREL ORGANIZATION appear all this week in Masonic Temple, Williamsburgh.

MORRIS' MINSTRELS appear in Providence, R. I., on the 6th and 7th inst.

FRED. WILSON'S MINSTRELS left St. Louis on March 28th, on a traveling tour.

DAVE REED closed his one year's engagement with Hooley's Minstrels in Brooklyn on the 3d inst. On Sunday, the 4th, he was married, and has started on a brief pleasure tour. On his return he joins Bryants' Minstrels for their traveling trip.

J. H. MULLIGAN'S engagement of one year with R. M. Hooley ceases early in May. He will join the San Francisco Minstrels in this city next season for second part business.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS MINSTRELS, of Boston, have stopped their first part business, and are doing a pantomime called "The Village Torment."

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS are billed ahead as follows:—Canajoharie, April 8th; Fort Plain, April 9th; Utica, April 10th; Gloversville, April 12th.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS are billed for April 12th in Haverhill, Mass.

SPALDING AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS did a lively business "Way Down South in Tennessee" last week, we are informed, as, indeed, they ought to, with a silvercornet band and two dozen performers of talent. Their route ahead is:—Oxford, Miss., April 6th, 7th; Water Valley 8th; Hernando 9th, 10th; Somerville, Tenn., 12th; Corinth, Miss., 13th; Decatur, Ala., 14th; Huntsville, 15th; Chattahooga, Tenn., 16th, 17th; Knoxville, 19th, 20th; Abingdon, Va., 21st, 22d; Lynchburgh, 23d, 24th. By advertisements in another column, it will be seen that they want more talent and an A No. 1 agent.

REPLY OF R. M. CARROLL.—In reply to the notice published in the CLIPPER of March 27th, Mr. Carroll takes exceptions, and denies that he was ever vulgar in any of his performances. He says:—"I have been in the profession twenty-five years, and never was a vulgar performer, as Mr. Leon asserts; and I can disprove all he states about me. After I settled with him, by his giving me $500 to break the contract, he offered me $75 a week to rejoin him, subject to a discharge at a week's notice, which I refused. The point he makes about vulgarity is untrue, for my business through the country pleased as well as ever it has, and any man in that company will say that I did my business within the rules of everything proper in a minstrel company."

A YOUNG MAN, who is a good baritone singer and general performer, wants to join a minstrel troupe. See Donaldi's card in another column.

THE HIBERNIAN MINSTRELS were in Haverhill, Mass., March 23d and 23d, playing on the 22d to a big house, and on the 23d to a fearfully small house, the receipts, we are told, being only $23. Their show don't take with the Haverhill "show-fakirs."

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Circuses.

J. T. JOHNSON AND CO.'S UNITED CIRCUS starts out this summer from Macomb, Ill., on May 1st, traveling on wheels. The concern will have a new band chariot, and now baggage vans. Mad. Worland, Annie Worland, Johnny Worland, David Quil, Harvey Johnson, Mad. Edith, Mrs. J. T. Johnson, James Smith, clown; and J. White, agent; compose the company.

A ROUND TOP CANVAS, measuring 120 feet, and a dressing room canvas, used only one season, and now in good order, are advertised for sale.

LAKE'S CIRCUS pitch tent in Atlanta, Ga., on the 15th inst.

JAMES BARGELT died in the Cincinnati, Ohio, hospital the last week in February, after a sickness of about two months.

W. HUTCHINS publishes several advertisements in this week's CLIPPER of importance to circus, minstrel and other folk, to which we hereby call attention.

SIG. FARRANTA is to be one of the attractions of Bailey's Circus, which has been doing a lively business in Tennessee, we understand. They intended to show in Nashville on the 2d and 3d inst. The Signor may be addressed in care of Bailey's Circus.

HARRY HOLSTON, the dancer and singer, is one of the attractive *attaches* of Sims' Circus, which is now at New Orleans, but will soon start out on a tour of the Southern section of Uncle Sam's dominion.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS and Menagerie was to open on the 5th inst., on the Orphan Asylum lot, Cincinnati, for one week. John was running as an independent candidate for Council from the Second Ward of Cincinnati, but finally declined on the ground that his business took him away from the city..... Dan Rice's show begins the season in Porkopolis, also starting on the 12th..... Forepaugh's Circus will probably show in Covington, Ky., the same time..... Yankee Robinson will start from Dayton on the 10th, and move towards Cincinnati, so that the latter place bids fair to be particularly well favored with arena exhibitions.

WM. KENNEDY, clown and comic singer, can be engaged for the season. See advertisement.

A LIGARDIST and several athletes, pantomimists, musicians, &c., are wanted to travel for the summer season with R. Lacks's Concern. For how to address see advertisement in another column.

WM. ARMSTONG and his wife can be engaged for the season. See advertisement elsewhere.

CASTELLO'S CIRCUS appears in Louisville, Ky., on the 12th inst.

HEMMING AND WHITBY'S CIRCUS brought their tolerable successful season in Philadelphia to a close on April 3d, preparatory to traveling ... the summer.

WILD ANIMALS ON THE RAMPAGE.—On March 23d, Reynolds' Mexican Menagerie exhibited in Forest, Miss. Mr. Mark Kite, who was plaguing the elephant Hercules, handed him a piece of tobacco, which so enraged him that he struck him with such violence as to dislocate his shoulder, although it was a glancing blow. He plunged with such force that he broke his chain, and although his keeper used every effort to subdue him he was entirely uncontrollable, and he would strike and kick at every object near him. By this time the scene was beyond description. The vast crowd flew for life. He flew at his keeper and pursued him from under the canvas. A locked freight train, being behind time, and not having any freight for Forest, and the engineer not intending to stop, came rushing along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. When it had approached within two hundred yards he looked up the road and seemed doubly enraged. He immediately ran toward it with great speed and met with such a shock that he broke one of his tusks and was immediately killed. The engine was detached from the train and thrown from the track, and Mr. Wharton, the engineer, having failed to shut off steam, it unfortunately ran into the canvas and smashed the lion's cage, killing the lioness and releasing the lion. The lion, finding himself uninjured and at liberty, and being frightened by the steam whistle of the engine, started at full speed down the Homewood road, roaring terrifically. He had gone but a short distance when he met Mr. George W. Sheppard and gave chase. Mr. Sheppard, finding that he was gaining on him rapidly, and that he would certainly be overtaken, attempted to climb a sapling. He struck at him with his paw as he ascended, but fortunately did no other damage than to tear off his coat tail and carry away a part of his pants. Mr. John Smith, of Raleigh, who was on his way to Forest, riding his horse, with his little son behind him, met him. As soon as his horse saw him he neighed, when the lion rushed at him, seized him by the throat and threw him upon the ground. Mr. Smith, with his little son, escaped to the woods and made their way to Forest on foot. While he was devouring Mr. Smith's horse, Mr. James J. Rich, who was on his way to Forest, with a load of chickens, drove up. As soon as he saw him he reared on his hind feet, lashed the ground with his tail and sprang at him. Mr. Rich eluded him by jumping from his wagon, when he mounted and began to tear open the boxes containing the chickens and turned them out. He then seemed to lose sight of everything in his efforts to catch them. When the excitement in town abated, about twenty mounted men, well armed, started in pursuit, with all the dogs belonging in town as well as many that had followed their owners. Mr. Reynolds, the owner of the lion, begged them not to kill him, and sent several men with the crowd with instructions to capture him if possible, but no doubt the citizens will kill him as soon as they overtake him. It is reported that he killed a freedman in Smith county, near Mr. Thomas Hubbard's, and that Mr. Hubbard found he was looking down on Ocoha. The news that a lion was at large spread like wildfire, and the citizens were greatly excited. All this is told for a fact by a western paper.

STONE & MURRAY'S CIRCUS opens in Bridgeport, Con., the 12th, for two nights, previous to starting on the summer tour.

FOREPAUGH'S MENAGERIE starts from Connersville, Ind., on April 10th.

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Miscellaneous.

INTERESTING TO SHOWMEN.—The following act has passed both Houses of the General Assembly of North Carolina and has become a law:—

Section 1. Traveling theatrical companies shall pay five dollars for the first, and five dollars for each subsequent exhibition. When the theatrical exhibitions are for the season of not less than one month, the tax shall be fifty dollars.

Sec. 2. On each concert and musical entertainment for profit, shall be paid five dollars; on each lecture for reward, five dollars.

Sec. 3. On museums, wax works, or collections of any kind, natural or artificial (except paintings and statuary,) on each day's and night's exhibition shall be paid five dollars.

Sec. 4. On every exhibition of a circus or menagerie, for each day or part of a day, forty dollars, and for each side show to a circus or menagerie, ten dollars.

Sec. 5. On itinerant companies, or persons who exhibit for amusement of the public otherwise than is mentioned in the four preceding sections, for each day's exhibition, or for each exhibition. Exhibitions given without charge for admission, and also those exclusively for charitable objects, shall be exempt.

Sec. 6. On each exhibition of spirit rapping, or other device by whatever name called, which professes to reveal communications from the spirits of the living or dead, for profit, ten dollars.

Sec. 7. On all gift enterprises, or any person or establishment offering any article for sale, and proposing to present purchasers with any gift or prize, as an inducement to purchase, within the limits of the State, ten dollars for each day such person or establishment continues in operation. This tax shall not be construed to relieve such persons or establishments from any penalties incurred by a violation of the law.

GRISWOLD, "Fat Contributor," lectures on "Injun Meal" at Baltimore on April 14th, and at Washington on April 16th.

THE LEWIS BROTHERS gave *soirees musicale* at Brownsville, Texas, on the 25th, 26th and 27th ult.; at Forest City, Mo., on the 28th and 30th; Oregon, 31st and April 1st, and were to commence a five nights' series at St. Joseph, Mo., on the 5th inst. Their company consists of C. A. and A. N. Lewis, managers and principal performers; Leo. Eddie Lewis, harpist; A. A. Lewis, organist; Signor A. Ferrello, musical director, and H. A. Wambold, business agent. They give a first class programme, if we may judge from the one sent us, and their business is reported as having been first class.

PROF. LEVY, the cornetist, is to put in an appearance in Elmira, N. Y., on the 9th, for the benefit of "Ours" House Co., No. 1.

L. W. GATES has returned to Elmira, N. Y., from Frank Phelps' show, and is spending a few days with friends in that city.

A HOFFMAN advertises in this issue for a situation as first or second violinist.

THE GREGORY FAMILY will shortly start on a traveling tour through the west and Canadas. Parties wishing to secure them will find their address in another column.

AT THE ASSEMBLY BUILDINGS, Philadelphia, the Panorama of Ireland is meeting with success.

THE SCENERY and stage fixings, formerly used at the Alhambra, New York, are advertised for sale cheap in another column.

M. HARTZ, illusionist, has made a hit in California, where he was engaged for four weeks, which has been extended to twelve. He expects to leave the Pacific Slope early in May, by the overland route, and will visit the principal cities on his return trip. Parties wishing to negotiate with him to play on shares or for a certainty, will find his card elsewhere.

MESSRS. CLARRY AND REILLY, the prominent show bill printers, of this city, are doing a lively business in getting up mammoth posters for the circuses and other shows. Their plain and colored printing is first class, and therefore it is that they are so extensively patronised by both in town and out of town show folk.

KIT CARSON, THE YOUNGER, who is some as a side show stump-speechist, advertises for a poolah in this week's CLIPPER.

M. JOHN DENIER arrived in St. Louis, Mo., on March 26th, with his variety troupe, and opened at Wilson's Opera House, that city, on March 29th. The party consisted of Maggie Willett, Jennie Fisher, George Fisher, J. Hays, Alex. Barrows, Frank Angelo, young Master Fisher, Harry Gurr, the Man Fish; the brothers Victorellis and Walter Bray. John Denier was announced to do a firework ascension each evening, at 7 o'clock, from the Opera House to the building opposite.

HAMILTON'S NEW HALL, Fort Wayne, Ind., is advertised to rent for first class entertainments. It is centrally located, will seat over one thousand persons, has a stage, with dressing rooms and scenery, and foot and border lights. It also owns bulletin boards, and, from the agent's card, appears to be well adapted to the wants of exhibitors.

A LADY COPYIST, one who has had considerable experience, wishes writing to do, either at home or place of business. See card in another column.

MANAGERS AND AGENTS who intend touring their troupes southward, will find a card in our advertising columns, that at the *Evening News* Job Printing Establishment, of Richmond, Va., they can get their posters, etc., done at New York prices, and in addition thereto get information about halls and licenses, through Messrs. Wade & Co.

ALLYNE, THE FAKIR, with his Olympic Circus, are booked for April 6th and 7th in Haverhill, Mass.

STEARNS, THE PSYCHOLOGIST, was in Haverhill, Mass., on the 27th and 28th ult., but the benches were lonesome. He can't "mesmerize" the Crispins of Haverhill, it would seem.

A YOUNG MAN who considers himself posted on what to do with posters, wishes a position in that capacity; or, having had the benefit of a good education and having a desire to become an actor, would like to arrange with some good manager with that object in view. See H. E. Manchester's advertisement in another column.

THE HIBERNICON was to be unrolled in Providence, R. I., on the 5th, for four nights.

WILL H. GUNN, who is traveling through Pennsylvania, was announced to open in Lancaster on the 5th for one week.

EDWIN RUPERT, comic vocalist and character actor, played March 26th and 27th, in Fort Wayne, Ind., under the management of Sol Yewell, Jr. Rupert returned to Indianapolis on March 29th, and then started south to open in Memphis, Tenn., on the 5th, at the Variety Theatre.

MISS ANNA DICKENSON spoke her piece entitled "A Struggle for Life," at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on Friday evening, April 2d, to a large audience. She had been extensively and judiciously advertised.

RISLEY'S JAPANESE TROUPE commenced at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., on the 5th inst.

JAMES E. MURDOCH, the American elocutionist, gave a select reading of scriptural and sacred literature at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Sunday evening, the 4th inst.

"HOWARTH'S PARADISE LOST" is shortly to appear in Hamilton, Canada.

L. G. STICKER is back again at the United States Hotel, Milton, Pa.

A PERFORMER, having new ideas he wishes to illustrate, wants to enter into copartnership with a responsible party. See Cagliostro's card.

THE GIANTESS, Rosina D. Richardson, of New Hampshire, was married, on March 10, to John A. Wood, of Stoddard, N. H. She pulled down 500 lbs., while her hubby weighed only 140.

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Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—Our latest foreign exchanges are up to March 21st, from which we gather the following items in relation to the theatrical world abroad. The opera prospectus has been issued, and from it we learn the future intentions of Messrs. Mapleson and Gye. Among the ladies are Patti, Pauline, Lucca, Christine Nilsson, Ilma de Murska, Titiens, Sinico, Vanzini (Vanzandt), Grossi, Locatelli, Scalchi and Baurmeister; Signori, Mongini, Corsi, Nordin, Chelli, Butterini, Martino, Tamberlik, Graziani, Bagagiolo, Cotogni, Tagliafico, Ciampi, Lyall, Fallar, Polonini, Foli, Campi, and Mr. Santley. Sig. Arditti is conductor. M. Desplaces is *ballet* master. M'lle Rose, a new *danseuse*, has been secured. Augustus Harris will be stage manager. The season was announced to open at Covent Garden on March 30th. Turning from the company to the operas announced we see plenty of variety, but no novelty. "L'Etoile du Nord" makes its appearance for the first time after three years' sleep, and introduces M'lle Patti as Caterina, which she has only played four times. Mr. Santley makes his first appearance as Peter the Great. M'lle. Titiens essays for the first time the character of Fides, in "Le Prophete," and Mongini is to be the Jean of Leyden instead of Tamberlik. "Otello," with Tamberlik in the principal character, M'lle Nilsson as Desdemona for the first time, and Graziani for Iago. "La Figlia del Reggimento" M'lle. Patti has made her own. Soon after M'lle. Pauline Lucca's arrival "Le Domino Noir" will be presented, with the German vocalist as Angela for the first time. M'lle. Patti will play Elvira in "Il Puritani." "Lucia di Lammermoor" suggests no less than three Lucias. M'lle. Ilma di Murska, M'lle. Patti and M'lle. Nilsson, who will essay the character. Beethoven's opera of "Fidelio" will be given for the first time within the walls of Covent Garden, with M'lle. Titiens as Fidelio. "L'Africaine," with M'lle. Pauline Lucca as Selika, is in the programme—an opera which puts forwards the best resources of Covent Garden in the scenic department. "Guglielmo Tell" introduces Mongini for the first time in the character of Arnold; but Tamberlik will also sing the tenor music in the course of the season. M'lle. Nilsson will be the Matilde, a character she has never before attempted. "Don Carlos," with M'lle. Titiens as Elizabetta di Valois. Three Margheritas, totally different in style, and each with a totally different reading of the character, will again present M. Gounod's opera of "Faust" to Londoners, and no doubt M'lles. Patti, Lucca and Nilsson will each again have their particular admirers. Sig. Graziani will be the Mefistofele for the first time. "Le Nozze de Figaro" will be cast as it has, perhaps, never before been cast in that or any other country. Madame Patti is announced for Susannah, M'lle. Lucca for Cherubino, and M'lle. Titiens La Contessa..... The legitimate drama closed at Drury Lane for the present on March 20th. Almost every evening of the last week the programme was changed. On March 15th T. C. King made his first appearance at that house as Richelieu, and his impersonation is said to be full of power, and his *debut* satisfactory in all respects. Mr. King's second appearance was on the 18th, as Hamlet. On the 16th Charles Dillon appeared as Lear for his benefit. "Othello" was given on the 17th and 19th, with Phelps as Othello and Dillon as Iago. "Macbeth" was revived on the 20th, Mrs. Howard Paul as Lady Macbeth. The house was to close the following week, and to reopen on March 29th with the pantomime of "Puss in Boots," and a new romantic drama by Mr. Hazlewood, "The Man of Two Lives," with Charles Dillon in the cast..... "When the Clock Strikes Nine" is the title of a new drama by Mr. Hazlewood, produced at the Britannia..... The Alfred Theatre was to reopen on Easter Monday with "Flying Scud." Most of the company originally engaged in the piece have been engaged. The Derby Day will be made once more a feature, and every variety of race course entertainments will be represented on the stage..... Mrs. John Wood, who has taken a long lease of the St. James Theatre, announces that the interior of the house will be rebuilt, refitted, and refurnished in a costly and elegant style, and will open on October 16th. Among those engaged in the company are Miss Herbert, Miss Larkin, Miss Weathersby, Bessie Lovell, J. L. Toole, and Lionel Brough..... At the Queen's Theatre, Lionel Brough took a benefit on March 15th, and Mr. Irving on the 19th..... No change has taken place at the Haymarket, Adelphi, Lyceum, Gaiety, Olympic, New Royalty, Prince of Wales, Globe, and Alexandra, or at the Holborn Amphitheatre..... At the Holborn, "Blow for Blow" has been revived..... At the Surrey, "The Home Wreck" has been followed by the old drama of "The Tramp's Adventure," in which Mr. Shepherd has appeared in the character of Jack Vamp..... Miss Sedgwick has appeared in "The Lady of Lyons," "Macbeth," and "An Unequal Match" at the Standard..... At the Victoria, "Ebb and Flow" has been produced, and at the New East London, "Destiny" and "Dark Night Work" have been the pieces of the week..... No change has taken place at the Grecian or Britannia..... "After Dark" was to be revived at the Princess' on March 29th, with Mr. Vining as Old Tom..... John S. Clarke, the American comedian, and the burlesque of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," continued the attractions at the Strand..... "Minnie" is the title of a domestic drama announced for production at the Globe, on March 29th..... Miss E. Weatherby is announced as being in her last nights at the Holborn, prior to her departure for America.

ACCIDENT TO A GYMNAST.—On Tuesday evening, March 16th, the Queen's Theatre, Hull, Eng., was crowded to witness the aerial act called the "Niagara Leap," announced to be performed by two gymnasts of Pablo's Circus. Trevannion is the name of the one who was hurt. He made the flight from the perch near the roof of the theatre, and swung off, holding the rings. He was to catch by the hands another gymnast who was hanging head downwards from the trapeze suspended over the stage. Trevannion bounded away, not, however, to be firmly and securely caught in the grip of his companion. He reached his hands, but slipped from the grasp, and fell from the roof of the theatre to the floor, a distance of 35 or 40 feet, amidst the shrieks of men, women and children. The audience all rose from their seats in breathless anxiety as to the fate of the poor gymnast, who had fallen heavily on his side. He was immediately carried away, apparently in an insensible condition. Fortunately, there were one or two medical gentlemen present, who lost no time in examining the condition of the patient, and it was announced that he had not sustained any serious injury. The same night, Master Pablo, while performing feats of horse riding, fell from his horse, and dislocated one of his arms.

EDMOND COLES, an American actor, made his first appearance in Halifax, England, on March 15th, in the farce of "Your Life's in Danger."

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, Manchester, Eng., has been closed, the last performance having taken place on March 16th. The establishment has ceased to exist as a theatre.

ADELINA PATTI is the rage at St. Petersburg. Her concert for the poor brought, it is stated, £1,600. She walks about enveloped in sables of the densest black, and consequently of the most rare quality—on her head a *bajolik*, her face protected by a black velvet mask—escorted by the Emperor and Grand Duke Vladimir. She sings three nights of the week at the opera, and it is as difficult to secure places as on the first day of her arrival.

THE WIDOW OF Rossini has got up a sale of the musical instruments, snuff boxes, pictures and other works of art presented to the immortal composer.

THE TOTAL RECEIPTS from the theatres, dancing rooms, concerts, and other places of public amusement in Paris in February, amounted to 1,947,038 francs, being a decrease of 244,545 francs on the previous month.

"GOD IS LOVE" is the title of a very melodious cantata composed by Mrs. Joseph Robinson, an Irish lady, recently produced at Dublin.

THE HIBERNIAN GLEE CLUB, of Dublin, offered a ten guinea prize for a new glee, which has been won by Dr. R. P. Stewart. There were thirty-three competitors.

ROSSINI'S funeral service in Pesaro, his native town, does not take place till August next, when Cherubini's "Requiem" is to be performed.

ULLMANN is to tour it in Italy and Germany the coming summer, with four star singers and an orchestra, to perform Rossini's mass.

THE DIAPASON NORMAL, a French pitch, is being introduced in London, Eng., by Joseph Barnby, a composer.

JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT'S daughter, twelve years of age, is said to possess much of her mother's musical talent and an excellent voice.

LISZT announces the termination of his career as a pianist.

ALBONI is engaged to sing in Rossini's mass, in Paris.

MOZART'S "Titus" has been revived at Frankfort.

AUBER recently celebrated his 87th birthday at a ball at the Hotel de Ville, Paris.

VERDI is arranging for the production of his "La Forza," in which he has made some changes, at Milan.

A CLASSICAL CIRCUS, in which the equines circumpedestrianate around the circle to a Beethoven *sonata*, has been opened in Edinburgh, Scotland.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND CONCERT

IN AID OF THE
YOUNG MEN'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION,
AT THE
ATHENÆUM, MORRISANIA, N. Y.,
Corner Fifth Street and Washington Avenue,
ON TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 13TH,
Commencing at 8 P. M., precisely—No Postponement.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"
Will be fully demonstrated by the following
EMINENT ARTISTS—

MRS. GEORGIE SHEPPARD ..... Soprano
MRS. JOHN A. HENRY ..... Soprano
MRS. M. HAWLEY JOHNSTON ..... Alto
MISS CELESTE S. BUTTERS ..... Piano
MISS IDA PATRICK ..... Piano
JAMES LEGGATT, Esq ..... Tenor
PROF. F. HENRY NASH ..... Basso
PROF. GEO. FREDERICK BRISTOW ..... Violin
W. K. BASSFORD, Esq ..... Piano
MONS. CHARLES FRADEL ..... Conductor

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

No. 1.—Piano Overture—"Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
MISS IDA PATRICK AND CHARLES FRADEL.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers etc., *thirty cents per line*; the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid or three months or longer in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon on Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

SPALDING & MANNING'S
MINSTRELS,
TWENTIETH ANNUAL TOUR
WITH
THEIR UNAPPROACHABLE
SILVER CORNET BAND
AND
MAMMOTH ORCHESTRA.
TWENTY-FOUR
TALENTED ARTISTES.
THE MOST
COMPLETE AND
THOROUGHLY
ORGANIZED
TROUPE ON
THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA.
SPECIALTIES WANTED AT ANY TIME.
Performers of ACKNOWLEDGED REPUTATION desiring engagements can address SPALDING & MANNING at any of the places on their advertised route in CLIPPER. 1-tf

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PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12, 14 AND 16 SPRUCE STREET,
NEW YORK.
THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD.
THIS FIRM
Pays particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
A deposit required on all work ordered. 1-tf

"KIT CARSON, Jr.,"
THE GREAT SIDE SHOW TALKER,
can be engaged for the coming Tenting Season, by addressing
910 Broadway, Museum,
1-4t* St. Louis, Mo.

LUCILLE WESTERN
WILL SHORTLY RETURN FROM THE
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Managers desirous of her services or the
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